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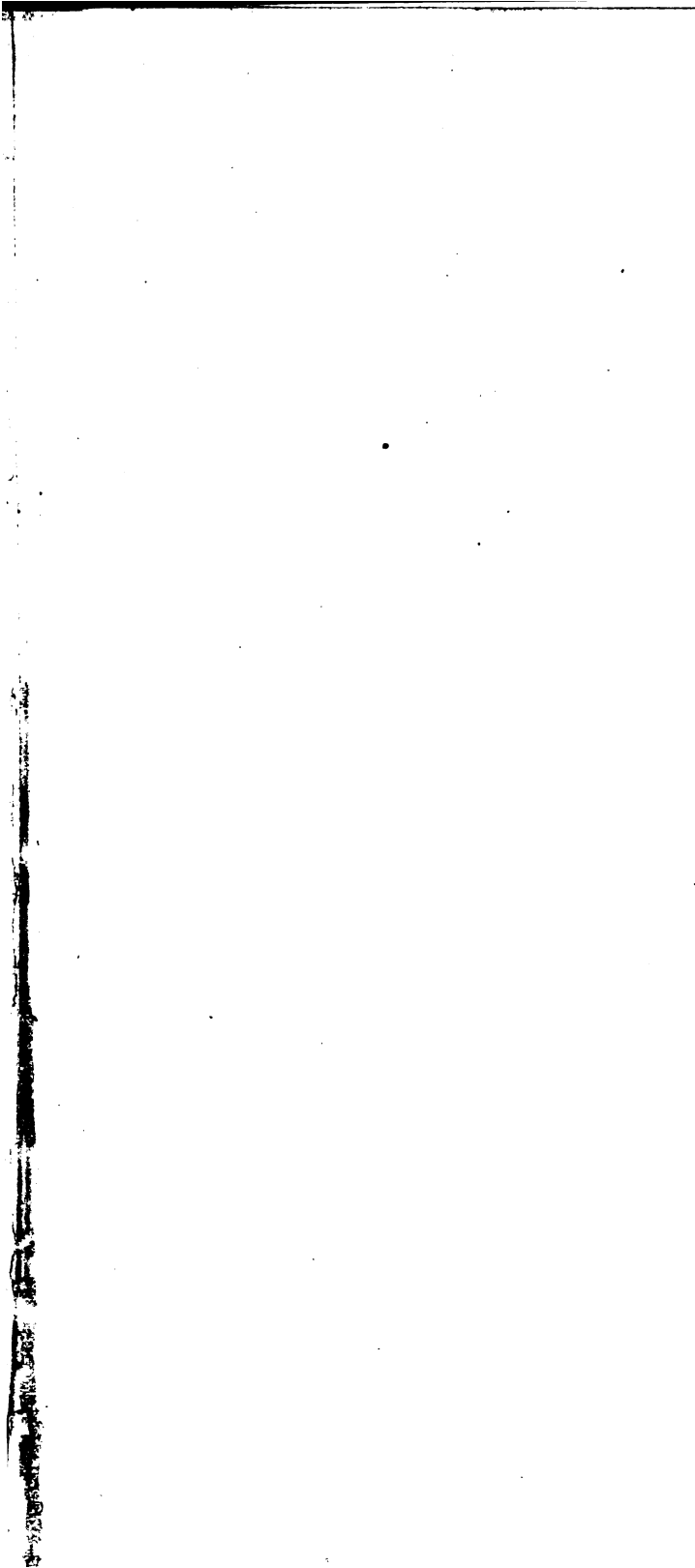
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Gift of

Mr. Bradford Lyttle









PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

GATHERING IN ENGLAND, DEPARTURE FOR  
AMERICA, AND FINAL SETTLEMENT IN  
NEW ENGLAND,

OF THE

FIRST CHURCH AND PARISH OF DORCHESTER, MASS.,

COINCIDENT WITH THE SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN.

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OBSERVED MARCH 28 AND JUNE 17, 1880.

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BOSTON:  
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## Preliminary Action.

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At a meeting of the First Parish, Dorchester, held April 14, 1879, it was —

*Voted,* That the subject of celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the gathering of the church and parish in 1880 be left to the pastor and deacons of the church and the Standing Committee of the parish.

*Voted,* That the parish choose a committee of five persons, to be nominated by the chair, to take any initiatory steps they may think advisable in relation to a celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Dorchester.

“The following were chosen as that committee: William W. Swan, Samuel Atherton, Benjamin Cushing, E. Herbert Clapp, Richard C. Humphreys.”

As Dorchester, on its annexation to Boston in 1870, had given up its special town government and become a ward of the city, it was decided that it was not best to attempt such a general celebration as might be appropriate if an independent town government existed. At a parish meeting, therefore, held Dec. 15, 1879, the above-named committee made the following report:—

The committee met at the house of the Chairman, on the evening of October 2, 1879; and its organization was completed by the election of Richard C. Humphreys as clerk. After a discussion of considerable length, it was —

*Voted,* That it is inexpedient for the First Parish to take any initia-

tory steps towards a celebration by the citizens of Dorchester *as a town*, in relation to the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Dorchester.

WM. W. SWAN, *Chairman.*

This report was accepted and adopted. It was also—

*Voted*, That the two committees chosen on the 14th of April last, to consider the subject of celebrating the settlement of this parish and town, be united in one committee, with power to add to their number; and that the whole subject of the celebration of the settlement of the parish in Dorchester be left to their judgment and decision.

WM. CHANNING CLAPP, *Parish Clerk.*

At a subsequent meeting of the committee, it was voted to hold two celebrations: one on Easter Sunday, March 28, 1880, commemorative of the gathering of the church in England and its departure for America; the other on June 17, 1880, the anniversary of the planting of the church in Dorchester and the settlement of the town. It was voted that the arrangements for the first celebration be left to the pastor and the deacons, Henry Humphreys and Ebenezer Clapp. Preparations for the second celebration were undertaken by the general committee, enlarged and organized into various sub-committees, a list of which is furnished in the Appendix.

Two Hundred and Fiftieth  
Anniversary

of

The Gathering in England and  
Departure for America.



## Introductory.

---

THE First Church of Dorchester, Mass., was formed in Plymouth, England, and sailed March 20 (O.S.), 1630, for America: it was established in Dorchester, June 6, 1630. It was the second church planted in the Massachusetts Colony, the third in New England, and through annexation becomes the oldest church in Boston. The anniversary of the gathering in England was observed on the 28th of March, the Sunday, according to the present reckoning, nearest to the date of the departure from England.

The celebration fell on Easter Sunday. The weather was anything but propitious. A snow-storm mingled with rain, which began the previous night, continued during most of the day. Considering the inclement weather, the attendance was unexpectedly large. Besides the regular attendants of the First Church, there were many from the neighboring churches of Dorchester, and representatives from Roxbury, Cambridge, Milton, Newton, and adjacent towns.

The pulpit was tastefully decorated with ivies, roses, ferns, and callas. Potted plants were skilfully arranged below. A basket of fresh trailing arbutus from the shores of the Potomac gave a spring charm to the wintry day. Over the doors leading to the vestry were the figures "1630—1880" in evergreen.

The music was furnished by the organist of the church,



Henry W. Edes, and the regular choir,— Mrs. H. F. Knowles, soprano; Mrs. Thomas Drake, contralto; Allen A. Brown, tenor; W. L. Vinal, basso.

Appropriate exercises were held in the Sunday-school, preceding the services in the church. Addresses were made by the pastor; the superintendent, George W. Fox; Richard C. Humphreys and Edward Payson Jackson.

The order of services for the day may be seen from the following programme :—

### Order of Exercises.

---

#### Morning Service, 10.30 A.M.

Organ Voluntary.

Invocation.

By the Pastor.

Music.

Te Deum, in E-flat, . . . . . *Penfield.*

Prayer.

By Rev. J. H. MEANS, D.D.

Music.

"I will extol Thee," from "Eli," . . . . . *Costa.*

Rendered by Mrs. H. M. KNOWLES.

Scripture Selection.

By Rev. J. H. MEANS, D.D.

**Hymn.**

TUNE: "America." Words by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT.

Gone are those great and good,  
Who here in peril stood  
And raised their hymn.  
Peace to the reverend dead!  
The light that on their head  
The passing years have shed  
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God  
Rise where our fathers trod,  
Guard well your trust,—  
The faith that dared the sea,  
The truth that made them free,  
Their cherished purity,  
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,  
Whose care for sire and son  
All nature fills,—  
While day shall break and close,  
While night her crescent shows,  
Oh, let thy light repose  
On these, our hills!

**Sermon.**

By the Pastor, Rev. S. J. BARROWS.

"The Genesis and Exodus of the First Church."

**Music.**

"Sailing of the Ship," . . . . . *Lahee.*

**Doxology.**

"From all that dwell below the skies."

**Benediction.**

AMEN BY THE CHOIR.

*First Parish, Dorchester.*

**Afternoon Service, 3.00 P.M.**

**Organ Voluntary.**

**Anthem.**

“ Festival ” Jubilate, . . . . . *Mosenthal.*

**Prayer.**

By Rev. D. M. WILSON.

**Music.**

“ Arise, shine, for thy light is come,” . . . . . *Buck.*

**Psalm 105.**

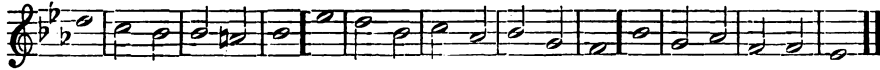
Words and music as used in 1630.



1. Give prais - es un - to God the Lord, And call up - on his name;  
2. And of the heath - en men he gave To them the fruit - ful lards;



A - mong the peo - ple eke declare His works to spread his fame; He brought his peo - ple forth with mirth,  
The la - bor of the peo - ple eke They took in - to their hands, That they his ho - ly statutes might



And his e - lect with joy Out of the cru - el land where they Had lived in great an - noy.  
Ob - serve for - ev - er - more, And faith - ful - ly o - bey his laws, Praise ye the Lord there - for.

**Welcome by the Pastor.**

**Music.**

“ God is a Spirit,” . . . . . *W. Sterndale Bennett.*

**Addresses.**

Psalm 145.

Words and music as used in 1630.

1. Here will I laud my God and King, And bless thy name for aye;  
 2. I of thy glo - rious ma - jes - ty The beau - ty will re - oord,

For ev - er will I praise thy name, And bless Thee day by day. Great is the Lord most worthy praise,  
 And med - i - tate up - on thy works, Most won - der - ful O Lord. And they shall of thy power and of

His greatness none can reach, From race to race they shall thy works Praise, and thy pow - er preach.  
 Thy fear - ful acts de - clare; And I to pub - lish all a - broad, Thy great - ness will not spare.

Addresses.

Psalm 100.

Words and music as used in 1630. TUNE: "Old Hundred."

All people that on earth do dwell  
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
 Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
 Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;  
 Without our aid, he did us make.  
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

Communion Service.

Conducted by Rev. JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

**Closing Hymn.**

By Rev. THADDEUS MASON HARRIS. Sung after Communion at the 200th Anniversary.

Give us, O Lord, the living bread  
 With which the welcomed guests are fed ;  
 And here the cup of blessing place,  
 That thirsting, fainting souls may taste.

Thy promised presence grant to-day,  
 And in this ordinance convey  
 Pledges of love that ne'er has ceased,  
 And foretastes of the heavenly feast.

Those who so many \* years ago  
 Came here their labors to bestow,  
 In lonely wilds a church to rear,  
 Partook a like refreshment here.

O God, thou then didst deign to bless  
 Their table in the wilderness :  
 Bless ours, and us, with heavenly love,  
 And fit us for the Church above !

**Benediction.**


---

\* In the original hymn, "two hundred years ago."

### **Scripture Selection.**

By Rev. J. H. MEANS, D.D.

PSALM xciv.— Oh, come, let us worship and bow down : let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For he is our God ; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

PSALM cv.— Remember his marvellous works that he hath done ; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth. He hath remembered his covenant forever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations. When they were but a few men in number ; yea, very few, and strangers. When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people, he suffered no man to do them wrong ; yea, he reprov'd kings for their sakes ; saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm. And he brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness, and gave them the lands of the heathen, that they might observe his statutes and keep his laws.

PSALM lxxviii.— Give ear, O my people, to my law : incline your ears to the words of my mouth. I will open my mouth in a parable ; I will utter dark sayings of old ; which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done. For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children ; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children : that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.

DEUTERONOMY iv.— Behold, I have taught you statutes and judgments, that ye should do so in the land whither ye go to possess it. Keep, there-

fore, and do them : for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes, and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. Thou shalt keep, therefore, his statutes and his commandments, that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days upon the earth, which the Lord thy God giveth thee forever.

DEUTERONOMY xxviii.—And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, that the Lord will set thee on high above all nations of the earth. The Lord shall establish thee a holy people unto himself, as he hath sworn unto thee. And all the people of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord.

MATTHEW v.—Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted, Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

MATTHEW x.—He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me ; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it ; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

MATTHEW xi.—What went ye out into the wilderness to see ? a reed shaken with the wind ? But what went ye out for to see ? a man clothed in soft raiment ? Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. But what went ye out for to see ? a prophet ? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.

HEBREWS xi., xii.—Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report. By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed ; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith, he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them

afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth; for they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from which they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city. . . . Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. Wherefore, we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.

I. PETER i.—All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.

REVELATIONS xiv.—I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; *and their works do follow them.*



## Sermon.

### *The Genesis and Exodus of the First Church of Dorchester.*

PSALM lxxviii., 3, 4.—What we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us, we will not hide from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.

PSALM cv., 13, 14, 44-35.—They went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people; he suffered no man to oppress them, yea, he re-proved kings for their sakes. He brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness, and gave them the lands of the heathen: and they inherited the labor of the people, that they might observe his statutes, and keep his laws. Praise ye the Lord.

THE voice of Christendom to-day is a voice of song. Humanity lifts its heart to God in praise and gratitude for a risen Christ. The hope of immortality is fanned once more into its divinest glow. The historic past and the eternal future both vibrate in the grateful and prophetic melody of our souls. Irrespective of creed or race, we blend our gratitude, hope, and aspiration with the world-wide joy which rises to-day from earth to heaven.

But, for this church and congregation, this Easter day strikes a special chord which is not dissonant with its general harmony. We celebrate to-day the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the gathering of this church three thousand miles across the wide ocean, on the southern shore of England. It is for us to realize that grand truth so closely imbricated in our Easter praise, that Christianity is

a religion of the spirit, and that its most vital and profound manifestations cannot be forever remanded to the corruption of the grave. The spirit of Jesus has suffered more than one crucifixion, and attained more than one resurrection. If crucified in the night of papal superstition, it rose again in the dawn of the Protestant Reformation. It found a new spiritual embodiment when this church was born.

The quarter part of a thousand years since, a little band of Puritans gathered together in Plymouth, England! The life-blood which animates the heart of this church, which literally and genetically fills the veins and arteries of many of my hearers, flowed from the heart of that little Plymouth band two hundred and fifty years ago. There were many Puritan gatherings in those days; too many for the peace and comfort of agitated England; none too many for the work they were gathered to do. But this company met together for a specific purpose. It was not to denounce England, not to gather fuel for the torch of war which was soon to be lighted: it was to take an affectionate and melancholy leave of their native land. They looked across the broad ocean to the untamed wilds of a new continent. Had they known how fondly, two hundred and fifty years later, we should return their gaze, they might have left us a more vivid picture of that first meeting in which this church was born. Yet we know the stalwart resolution which girded their souls, their deep religious trust, the pangs of approaching separation from friends and country, and the warm affection which melted all their hearts into a kindred purpose; and we know that the preparations for their departure were not so minute and engaging but that, under the fostering care of John White, they could come together, consecrate a day to abstinent and prayerful devotion, elect their ministers and perfect their organization, before launching the nascent church upon the billows of the great deep,

with a ship for a meeting-house, and their hope in God as an anchor to their souls.

Of the fortunes of that little bark and the subsequent history of the religious enterprise which formed such a significant feature of its character, I shall not speak to-day. On the 17th of June next, this parish will celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its establishment in Dorchester. On that day, which we hope to observe with suitable emphasis and dignity, such a review will be most appropriate. This morning, however, I invite your attention, not to the course of the *Mary and John* and her future anchorage, but to the power which unmoored her and the breeze which filled her sails. In other words, why was this church formed, and what were the forces which formed it?

The First Church of Dorchester was an immediate product of the greatest movement in the whole range of English history. That movement had no sudden genesis, but arose from the operation of far-reaching and converging causes. The great forces of history are complex. They are bounded by vast horizons and an immeasurable zenith. We cannot determine their extent by any single survey or measure their force by any single dynamometer. They burst forth in new epochs, become incarnated in great men, or find embodiment in the life of a new age. The external aspects of history are not those which most clearly reveal its moulding forces. The value of George Washington as a factor in the American Revolution is historically and immediately evident; but to the casual reader it is not so clear what Martin Luther and John Calvin have to do with Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence. Yet without Martin Luther and John Calvin, as history has been constructed, the American Republic would have been impossible. So that mighty Puritan movement from which this church was born was not any sudden, local, magical energy,— a Melchis-

edec without father or mother ; not a burst of sunlight from a dark sky, but a gradual dawn and diffusion of truth, which afterwards became focalized in great historical characters and broke forth in the flame of a popular revolution. The electric light which dazzles us may owe its existence to some remote battery. In the Puritan movement, the luminous figures of Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, Eliot, Vane, Hooker, Milton, and others, stand out so brilliantly that we may fail to discover the secret conductive wires, the hidden generative batteries, with which their minds and hearts were in conscious or unconscious connection. The active stimulator of Puritan emigration was John White. We must consider him as the immediate father of the First Church of Dorchester. Yet two hundred and fifty years back of John White, in clear historical perspective, we can discern the form of John Wycliffe ; and the sounds of the hammer which built the *Mary and John* were unconscious echoes to the blows of Martin Luther when he nailed his theses to the church-door in Wittenberg.

That scene at Plymouth, England, which this day brings before your imagination, recalls a scene at Lutterworth Bridge, two hundred years before. The body of Wycliffe, exhumed from the old church-yard where it had lain for more than forty years, was burned by order of the Pope, and the ashes cast into the stream which flows by the town. But the Pope was more than forty years too late. The spirit of Wycliffe had done its work. He had denounced papal abuses, exposed the corruptions of the clergy, contended for purity of doctrine and life, pleaded for simplicity of worship, defended the rights of the State against papal tyranny, and given to his countrymen (just five hundred years ago) what we must still continue to regard as the first complete English Bible. The art of printing was yet unknown ; but his diligent copyists, the "poor priests," as they were called, put

this welcome gift into many an English home. "Admirable," says that wittiest and quaintest of English church historians, Thomas Fuller,— who was twenty-two years of age when this church was born,— "Admirable that a hare so often hunted, with so many packs of dogs, should die at last quietly sitting in his form." And as he records the belated spleen of the Pope, which cast the ashes of his bones into the brook, the sagacious Fuller adds the memorable words: "Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas: they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine which now is dispersed all the world over." In the person of John Wycliffe, the spirit of Puritanism, which has always been marked by a profound regard for the Bible and a love of civil liberty, found an early and powerful precursor. His followers, the Lollards, the incipient Puritans of the fifteenth century, did much to prepare the ground for the more powerful movement one hundred years later. Crushed under a relentless persecution, the truth they contended for was destined to rise again. It was the spirit of Wycliffe which fired the heart of the Bohemian martyr, John Huss. John Huss was one of the fore-runners and inspirers of Luther. Thus the breezes from Lutterworth swept across the continent to return again with the freshness of the Alps and the Thüringer-Wald.

The Protestant Reformation was the personal work of no single monk of England or Germany, but a concurrence of spiritual forces which in Bohemia, Holland, England, France, Germany, and Italy combined to cleanse, illumine, and renovate the mind and conscience of mankind. The main element in that Reformation was an awakened spiritual energy,— a resurrection of the Christian life, which we may well celebrate on this Easter day. It took form in a protest against the corruptions of the Roman Church; a denial of papal infallibility; a revolt from the dogmas of transub-

stantiation ; a zeal for purity of life ; a new enthusiasm for the Scriptures as the record of God's revealed will ; and a dawning spirit of civil liberty, which chafed under the political fetters of the papal despotism. This spiritual re-awakening was coincident with a remarkable revival in learning. And the invention of the art of printing was a divine preparation for the scattering of the leaves of the tree of life "for the healing of the nations."

In the revolt from Rome and the spiritual and moral awakening which affected it, we find the great exciting cause of the English Reformation, which gave rise to the later and more distinctive Puritan movement whence this church arose. We shall totally fail to understand the spirit and aim of that movement, unless we remember this. Puritanism was not an idle contention about forms and emblems : it was an attempt to make the Protestant Reformation effective. In the revolt from Rome, all Protestants found a common bond of union. So long as papacy remained the single objective point of attack, but one flag and one uniform were needed. When the dissolution from Rome was achieved, the Reformation was by no means complete. The opposition to the papal hierarchy sprung from different motives and represented different tendencies. These tendencies, after confronting Rome, suddenly found themselves confronting each other. When Lutheranism and Calvinism had fought their battle with the Pope, they crossed swords in a Protestant duel. When England had broken from the political bondage of Italy, there was still a great religious battle to be fought within her own borders. It is this struggle in England which furnishes the immediate background of storm and cloud from which this church emerges into the light of history. I will not ask you to follow with me all the details and changing incidents of that struggle. I simply wish to indicate its general outlines and the most important transitions.

II. The Reformation in England, which we have found brewing so long ago as the time of Wycliffe, assumed a new aspect in the reign of Henry VIII. It is a popular error to date the English Reformation from that point. But the changes that took place were only preparatory. Henry was more concerned with political separation from Rome than with moral or spiritual renovation. He simply transferred the Pope from Rome to London, and assumed the robes himself. How little of a Protestant Henry was may be seen from his famous Six Articles, in which the celibacy of the clergy, the confessional, and the saying of private masses, were all enjoined under severe penalties, and any one who denied that the bread and wine of the sacramental supper were the real body and blood of Christ was ordered to be burned alive without privilege of abjuring.

It is to the following reign of Edward VI. that we must look for a radical change in the constitution, liturgy, and practice of the Church. This obnoxious statute of the Six Articles and the acts against the Lollards were repealed. The English Bible with Erasmus' Commentary was put into every church. Forty-two articles, the basis of the present Thirty-nine, were drawn up, embodying the faith of the Reformed Church of England. Another important step was the adoption of a new liturgy, which is the foundation of the English Book of Common Prayer. An earnest attempt was made to reform ecclesiastical abuses. The celibacy of the clergy was no longer enforced, and the mass was no longer sanctioned. Thus, at the end of the short reign of Edward VI. in 1553, we find that Protestantism had assumed in England the form of an independent Anglican Church derived historically from the Church of Rome, but rejecting her authority and recognizing the King of England as her supreme head. It had been purged of much paganism, and had assumed a liturgy and practice of its own. But in spirit

as well as in form it still betrayed its Roman origin. Unity and Supremacy,—such has ever been the motto of Rome, and such was the aim of the Anglican Church. Religion was a matter of statute : it must take this form or no other. Public worship was made compulsory, and deviations from the established forms of ordination or administration of the sacraments or public worship were visited with severe punishment. But that temper of English mind and heart, which had broken away from the bondage of Rome, was not wholly prepared to put its head into another yoke, nor to submit its opinions to a Procrustean gauge of uniformity. Protestantism was the expression of a principle, the right of private judgment, which made uniformity impossible. And, when the Scriptures were spread throughout England and the people invited to read them, a new authority was recognized which rendered the supremacy of the hierarchy equally impossible.

No sooner is the new Church established than John Hooper, one of its bishops, boldly protests against the use of the surplice, the cope, and the tippet, “the symbols of anti-Christ.” If we cannot wholly justify the obstinacy which refused to wear a garment or hat of peculiar cut because it was the offspring of papacy, we can as little justify the severe rigidity of a church which made it necessary.

But the signs of growing difference in the new Church were extinguished for a season by the tide of martyr blood which rose above them all. Mary had come to the throne. History has protested against the desecration of a beautiful name—a name which on this Easter day has for us a peculiar tenderness—by affixing an adjective which is the sanguinary seal of her crimes. Romanism was re-established in England. Her Catholic queen married the cruel tyrant of Spain, whose name bears a kindred load of infamy.



The fires of Smithfield were rekindled, and blazed with fierce intensity. Hooper, Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, and nearly three hundred others, representing the very flower of English Protestantism, furnished fuel for the flames. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," said Latimer, as the fagots were lighted around them both: "we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." It was by those martyr fires that the English conscience was still more to be illumined, and the hatred of popery burned into the English heart.

In this crisis, many of all ranks and trades took refuge in exile on the continent, mainly in Frankfort and Geneva. "I ascribe to that five years in Geneva," said Rufus Choate, "an influence which has changed the history of the world. In that brief season, English Puritanism was changed fundamentally and forever." Choate said this rather of Puritan politics than of Puritan theology. Calvinism had crossed the Channel before the exiles crossed it. Nevertheless, Presbyterianism as a form of church polity did not enter England until the exiles carried it back with them, together "with a dream of republican liberty."

With the accession of Elizabeth in 1558, the star of Protestantism rose again; but it was not a star without a cloud. The exiles were recalled. They returned, united as ever against popery, but divided upon Protestantism. The liturgy of King Edward had furnished ground for violent debate. There was a strong feeling that it was not best to put the new wine into popish bottles; the new cloth upon popish garments. The controversy, with much of the bitterness and dissent it created, was carried back to England. Elizabeth had a golden opportunity,—an opportunity to be wiser than her father. She might have made those healing concessions which would have secured to her support both tendencies of Protestantism. She chose a different course.

Henry had insisted upon supremacy and uniformity. Elizabeth reaffirmed both. By the Act of Supremacy, the queen was declared to be the only supreme governor within the realm both in spiritual and temporal matters. By the Act of Uniformity, the liturgy of Edward VI. was readopted and made compulsory. The use of any other form was punishable by deprivation of office and imprisonment, varying from six months, for the first offence, to imprisonment for life, for the third.

The immediate result of the Act of Uniformity was *non-conformity*. Elizabeth had sought to put a hoop around the Church to keep it together. Instead of that, she had driven a wedge into its heart. She had made it impossible for a certain class of her subjects to stay in her Church, and yet declared that they must not go out. Shall we reproach the opposers of the Elizabethan Church for laying to conscience those matters of difference which the queen forced upon it? A very old conflict had begun again,—the conflict between spiritual liberty and ecclesiastical despotism. It was about this time that the name "Puritan" came into general use. Strype says it was first applied to those who sought a "greater purity in the worship of God and a greater detestation of the ceremonies and corruptions of Rome than the rest of their brethren"; though we are told by Fuller "that profane mouths quickly improved this nickname, therewith on every occasion to abuse pious people."

In its opposition to the Church of Elizabeth, Puritanism took various forms. There was a large and influential element within the Church itself. They disliked the Romish features of the English service. But they united to a religious purity of character a strong reverence for the existing forms of law. They were averse to separation. They yielded for the sake of peace, or in hopes of effecting a reform within the Church. They were Puritan conformists.

There were others, like Fox and Coverdale, who refused to wear the symbols of Romanism, but still clung to the Church which enjoined them. On the other side were the "hot Puritans," who could not affiliate with the Church, nor yield their consciences to its manacles. Excluded by the Act of Uniformity from worshipping in the churches, they held their meetings in sequestered woods and fields. The persecutions of the Star Chamber and the High Commission only confirmed in them the apostolic conviction that they "ought to obey God rather than men."

Of the various parties which Puritanism created, Presbyterianism was at first the most powerful. Its chief representatives were Cartwright and Travers. Its theology, intensely Calvinistic, was not at this time in essential opposition to that of the English Church. But the ecclesiastical difference was a wide one. The Presbyterians believed, indeed, in a national church and in the unity of that church, but demanded that it should be formed on a Scriptural model. They wished to import into England that free representative system of church government which they had studied in Geneva, and which John Knox succeeded in driving so deeply into the granite soil of Scotland that it has remained there till this day.

A more positive and radical movement than Presbyterianism was that of the Separatists, who, from their leader, were called Brownists. Theologically, they did not differ essentially from the Churchmen or Presbyterians; but in matters of church organization, government, and worship, they were strenuously opposed to both. Basing, like the Presbyterians, their argument for church government wholly on the Scriptures, their interpretation was materially different. They maintained that every Christian congregation constituted a distinct church, with a right to govern its own affairs, elect and ordain its own pastors, teachers, and elders.

The English Church they considered as little better than popery, and valiantly attacked the Presbyterians for not withdrawing from it. They refused at first to have communion with any church which did not hold their own views. Their meetings were held in the woods and in private houses. They were hunted down and persecuted with the utmost rigor. Barrowe, Greenwood, and Penry, three of their most prominent representatives, were executed in 1593. It was against the Separatists that the infamous Act of 1593 was directed, by which "all persons above sixteen years of age, who obstinately refused to attend divine service at some established church, should be committed to prison, without bail, until they should conform and make public confession of conformity, in terms prescribed by the statute itself." Persistent delinquents were banished for life, and suffered death as common felons if they returned home without the Queen's license. Thus, to be a Congregationalist; to meet in upper rooms, like a certain little band of primitive Christians at Jerusalem; to preach the gospel without a surplice, like Paul or Peter; to pray without a book, like Jesus,—in short, to worship God in any other way than the Queen and Whitgift had prescribed,—was a heinous offence, punishable with imprisonment, banishment, or death. "This atrocious statute," said Edward Everett, "in its final result peopled New England."

The Puritan hope that the accession of James in 1603 would bring relief was not realized. The uncouth and pedantic king had wit enough to see the political tendency of Puritanism involved in its ecclesiastical principle. "No bishop, no king," he said. "I will make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse,"—the benign picture suggested in the Scotch word "harry" being that of a pack of hounds after a hare. The Separatists were treated with the utmost rigor. Many of

them sought an asylum in Holland, among them John Robinson and his little flock from Scrooby. In 1616, Henry Jacob, who was one of the most prominent and liberal of the Separatists, in the conviction that flight in persecution was not wholly justifiable, boldly returned and became the pastor of the First Congregational and Independent Church in England. In 1620, the followers of John Robinson at Leyden, taking an affectionate farewell of their leader, sailed for America. History has immortalized the memory of that Pilgrim band, the founders of New England. The beautiful May-flower, whose trailing vine and tinted petal we seek in vain in the fields and woods of Dorchester, still blooms luxuriantly and exhales its delicate perfume in the very place where the Pilgrim feet first trod,—a fragrant, floral synonyme of the *Mayflower* that floated on the water two hundred and sixty years ago, bearing precious seed for our shores.

It is an interesting fact that the Pilgrim bark, though starting originally from Southampton, was obliged, through the wretched condition of its consort, the *Speedwell*, to sail finally from Plymouth, England, where ten years later our own church was launched. At our service this afternoon, we hope to welcome the successor of John Robinson, in grateful and fraternal acknowledgment of the Providence which wafted both churches across the seas and anchored them in a common hope and a kindred purpose on the New England shore.

I cannot give a detailed history of the ten years between the sailing of the Pilgrims and the exodus of our own church. In 1625, Charles I. came to the throne. During the reign of James, the conflict had assumed a new aspect. If we analyze closely the whole history of the Puritan movement, we shall find it manifested under four different phases. It had its spiritual, its ecclesiastical, its doctrinal,

and its political forms. It was at first simply a movement against Rome; pre-eminently a spiritual movement. It became during the reign of Elizabeth a conflict upon ecclesiastical differences. During the reign of James, it was a war of doctrine as well as practice; and during the reign of Charles I. it became, in addition to a religious agitation, a great political movement, which culminated in the death of the king and the victory of the Parliament. These different aspects of Puritanism did not exclude each other, and were not simply successive. If it was at first a spiritual movement, it continued to be so. At all times, it was an ecclesiastical protest; and, even in the reign of Elizabeth, its political principles sought for a voice in Parliament. Hushed by the gags of the Queen, it was eventually to make the throne of England tremble. The doctrinal agitation forms a more distinct period. It raged during the reign of James and Charles. How much at variance the articles and creeds of a church may be with its actual belief may be seen from the fact that, though the articles of the English Church were all Calvinistic, it had become in fact strongly Arminian. The Puritans contended strenuously for the Calvinistic forms. They opposed to the laxity of the Church an austerity of practice which went to the other extreme. Their observance of the Christian Sabbath was the more rigid as with the Churchmen it became more festive. But this was not all. England had for the head of its Church a man whose sympathies leaned more toward papacy than Puritanism, and who was the inaugurator of what is known as the Anglo-Catholic reaction. This reaction, under James and Charles, though not as severe in the arbitrariness and penalty of its persecution as that which took place under Mary, was as definite in its tendency.

The character of William Laud, the practical head of the English Church and the leader of this movement, has

been variously described. It has been asked how a man so inferior in ability and so remarkable for his unpopularity could attain to such enormous power. The old fable of the gnat and the lion may throw some light on the question. It is enough for us to know, however, that he wielded the arbitrary power he obtained in the cause of ecclesiastical despotism. He believed in episcopacy as a divine institution, reaffirmed the validity and necessity of sacraments, and introduced into the liturgy and service many of the details of popish worship. He proscribed Calvinistic preaching; he sought to enforce uniformity with an iron hand; he studied most ingeniously how to rasp the Puritan conscience and provoke Puritan feeling. I shall not attempt to defend that Puritan narrowness which was opposed to Laud,—its literalism, its bigotry, its cant, its extreme Sabbatarianism. Puritanism, in the minds of many to-day, is but a term of reproach for a bigoted, Calvinistic austerity. Admitting all its faults, it was nevertheless, at that time, a representative of spirituality in religion and morality in life; a mighty bulwark against papacy and idolatry. “In all the weight of meaning which inspired men have thrown into that term,” says Bayne, “an England after Laud’s own heart would have been an idolatrous England.”

What Laud was doing for despotism in the Church, Strafford was doing for despotism in the State. The Puritans began now to be more conspicuous and powerful as the champions of civil liberty. It is not the place of this sermon to consider the political aspects of Puritanism. The political crisis was not to be reached until some years after your fathers were established in their Western home.

III. Was it not time to hoist the sails of the *Mary and John*? So thought your fathers, and so thought John White of Dorchester. We have seen how ecclesiastic and

civil oppression caused the emigration to Germany and Switzerland in the days of Mary. The same influences under Elizabeth and James sent the Separatists to Holland. The third emigration, which we might properly call the non-conformist emigration, now set in.

Taking advantage of the patents granted by James and Charles, an unsuccessful attempt had been made in 1624, under the auspices of a company in England of which John White was a prominent member, to establish a settlement at Cape Ann under the charge of Roger Conant. It was followed by an expedition in 1628, under Endicott, intending to repair the failure of the first attempt. The city of Salem, and a year later the First Church of that place, trace their history to this movement. John White of Dorchester was the spiritual progenitor of our church; but he had more than one child. The church at Salem, though formed on this side of the Atlantic in 1629, owed its origin to his influence, and its ministers to his selection. Having the same spiritual father, the church at Salem and the church at Dorchester may well claim to be spiritual brethren. Two hundred and fifty years of growth have not alienated their fraternal and Christian fellowship.

With unremitting zeal, John White and his coadjutors immediately set out to organize another fleet. During the year 1630, seventeen ships sailed from various ports in England for America. The *Mary and John*, a vessel of four hundred tons, bearing our Dorchester emigrants, was the second of this fleet. It was her departure which called together in March that little gathering in Plymouth, England, and brought John White and one hundred and forty emigrants to that port.

That the commercial ends of such an expedition were not overlooked, and that some may have been largely influenced by them, may readily be inferred; but, if that enterprise had



been only a commercial one, we should not have met to commemorate it to-day.

The positive religious character of the movement is seen, not only in the parting address of the emigrants, but in the very fact that they voluntarily organized themselves into a Christian church, and chose their pastors before leaving England. Your fathers believed that Genesis should precede Exodus. This church was not built of drift-wood gathered on the American shores: it was built of stout English oak, hewn from sound ancestral timber; it was framed and bolted by a master workman, launched and manned by godly men, and sailed from England a consecrated floating temple of the Most High.

One of the passengers has given us a programme of that first meeting. A solemn day of fasting and prayer was held in the New Hospital, Plymouth. "That worthy man of God, Mr. John White of Dorchester, in Dorset, was present and preached unto us the Word of God, in the fore part of the day, and in the latter part of the day, as the people did solemnly make choice of and call those godly ministers to be their officers, so also the Rev. Mr. Warham and Mr. Maverick did accept thereof and expressed the same."

Roger Clap has preserved for us no report of this first sermon preached before this church; but the gifted pen of Thomas Fuller, a contemporary, has given us a record of the preacher. Rev. John White was born in Stanton, Oxfordshire, England, in 1574. He was educated at Oxford, and became rector of Trinity Church, Dorchester, 1606, where he remained for forty years. In his *Worthies of England*, Fuller has a characteristic pen-and-ink picture from which we learn that he was "a grave man, yet without moroseness, as he would willingly contribute his shot of facetiousness on any just occasion. A constant preacher, so that in the course of his ministry he expounded the Scripture all over

and half over again; having an excellent faculty in the clear, solid interpreting thereof. A good governor, by whose wisdom the town of Dorchester was much enriched; knowledge causing piety, piety breeding industry, industry procuring plenty unto it!" It will be of interest to the Associated Charities and all students of pauperism to know that "a beggar was not to be seen in the town, all able poor being set on work," though modern philanthropists might think it inexpedient to have "the impotent maintained by the profit of a public brew-house and other collections." "He absolutely commanded his own passions," we are told, "and the purses of his parishioners, whom he could wind up to what height he pleased on important occasions. He was free from covetousness, and had a patriarchal influence both in Old and New England."

Such are the main facts in the quaint description of Fuller. Though of Puritan sympathies, White remained within the pale of the Established Church. But during the civil war his library was burned by the Royalists, and he was forced to fly to London. He lies buried in the old church of St. Peter's, Dorchester. No inscription records his virtues. But, by a far wider circle than could ever read his tombstone, he has been gratefully honored as "the patriarch of Dorchester," and "the father of the Massachusetts Colony."

Many of you recollect Mr. Hall's interesting description of his visit to Dorchester, England, where John White lived, worked, and was buried. Let me add that Dorchester has a very honorable record in the cause of religious and civil liberty. In the reign of Elizabeth, during the years from 1587-1594, we are told no less than six persons were put to death on the score of religion. Lord Clarendon, in his *History of the Rebellion*, tells us there was not a place in England more entirely disaffected to the king, and that it was "a magazine from whence other places were sup-

plied with principles of rebellion." It was one of the first places fortified against the king, but was obliged to surrender to the royal forces in 1643.

Of the writings of John White, there are two documents which are of great importance to us. One of these is the "Planter's Plea," a consideration of the causes which led to the settlement of New England, and may be considered to be John White's own idea of the end and aim of this church. In a significant paragraph in that paper, he affirms the predominant religious character of the enterprise; and, while defending the planters from any extreme non-conformity, his prophetic eye could see that the church in New England would eventually have a different form from that of the old country. As yet that change had not taken place. The Plymouth Pilgrims were Separatists, and had left the Church of England. The Puritans of the *Mary and John* still acknowledged their allegiance to it.

There is another document throwing light on this relationship, which should be very precious to this church of Dorchester. It is the farewell letter of the colonists to their brethren of the Church of England. It was written in 1630, and published on the sailing of the *Arbella* about a month after the departure of the *Mary and John*. It is attributed by some to Governor Winthrop, but was most probably written by John White. It is a tender and affectionate epistle, breathing the spirit of the Apostle John rather than reflecting the fierce denunciations of the Hebrew prophets. "We beseech you," they said, "by the mercies of our Lord Jesus Christ to consider us as your brethren, standing in very great need of your help, and earnestly imploring it." They speak of the Church of England as "our dear mother," and "cannot part from our native country where she specially resideth without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes. . . . We leave it not therefore as loathing that milk

wherewith we were nourished there ; but, blessing God for the parentage and education, as members of the same body, shall always rejoice in her good, and unfeignedly grieve for any sorrow that shall ever betide her, and while we have breath sincerely desire and endeavor the continuance and abundance of her welfare, with the enlargement of her bounds in the kingdom of Christ Jesus. . . . What goodness you shall extend to us in this or any other Christian kindness, we, your brethren in Christ Jesus, shall labor to repay in what duty we are or shall be able to perform, promising, so far as God shall enable us, to give him no rest on your behalfs, wishing our heads and hearts may be as fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness, overshadowed with the spirit of supplication, through the manifold necessities and tribulations which may not altogether unexpectedly, nor we hope unprofitably, befall us."

"When they wrote that letter," says Young in his *Chronicles*, "they belonged to the Church of England: they disliked her ceremonies, indeed, and abjured her errors, but had never renounced her fellowship. . . . It should be recollected too that this letter was not addressed to the persecuting prelates who had driven them into the wilderness, but to their *brethren* of the Church of England."

I have spoken to you of the persecutions they suffered, their longing for religious freedom : you have seen the lash that helped to drive them from England. But there was not merely a power behind which urged them forward : there was a bright allurements beyond the sea, which attracted them with its gorgeous possibility. It was the hope of founding a civil and ecclesiastical government, modelled, constructed, and administered on the Bible as the common source of all divine knowledge and divine authority. It was not to establish a perfect and equal liberty of conscience.

They had not arrived at the grand principle of toleration. They had studied the Hebrew law-givers, and drunk from the well of the Hebrew Scriptures. From the stones of the fallen Jewish temple, they would build anew, on principles of Biblical architecture, a civil and religious edifice, "upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."

There was another aim, which some held hardly less dear, and which was doomed to an equal disappointment. It was the hope of a successful propagation of the gospel among the Indians. We cannot read the *Planter's Plea* of John White without finding that this was the desire which he seemed to have most at heart. It would be unwise to assume that his missionary zeal for this object was shared by all the colonists; but that it was the serious purpose of some is the silent testimony of that old arm-chair which stands in front of this pulpit,—an eloquent memorial of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. On a familiar shelf in Harvard College Library stands a venerable copy of his Indian Bible,—an illustrious epitaph of a tribe and a language and a faithful missionary that have long since passed away.

I have given to you, dear friends, what, in spite of its length, I must persist in regarding as a very brief outline of the causes which led to the formation of this church. The details of that history would fill scores of volumes. Its leading principles can be stated in a few words. Remember that Puritanism was a direct outgrowth of the Protestant Reformation. Although ecclesiastical and political in some of its aspects, it was chiefly a spiritual movement, whose genealogy can be traced clear back to Bethlehem of Judea. It found in England an incipient inspiration in the work of Wycliffe and his followers. It was later, as Tayler says, a "reaction of intense personal religion against the externality and spiritual deadness of the hierarchy."

It was predominantly a movement of the people. The hierarchy was a movement of the court. The court had said to the waves of the Reformation, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further"; but its edicts were as powerless to stop the rising tide as they would have been to stay the waves of the sea. One of the most distinctive features of Puritanism was its enthusiastic attachment to the Scriptures as the revealed will of God. Even in the time of the Lollards, some of them were known to give a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or St. Paul in English. Puritanism was a defence of the right of private judgment, a plea for simplicity of worship and purity of life. As exhibited in the great exodus from England which formed this church, and which within the ten years that followed landed twenty thousand Englishmen on our shores, it was a prayer for freedom from civil and prelatical persecution, a hope to carry the gospel to the benighted Indian, and an attempt to found a Hebrew State, with God as its ruler and the Bible as its statute-book. We cannot look at the history of Puritanism without discovering its limitations. It was a reaction in itself, and was destined to breed reactions, some of which we still feel. It was intolerant, rigid, sombre, unæsthetic. But, though it lacked grace and beauty, it was tremendous in its strength; and we find more occasion to-day to render homage for the elements it possessed than for those which it lacked. The force and magnitude of that Puritan movement are seen not only in what it did for America, but in what it afterwards did for England. "Slowly and steadily," says Green, "it introduced its own seriousness and purity into English society, English literature, English politics. The history of English progress since the Restoration on its moral and spiritual sides has been the history of Puritanism."

Let us be thankful on this Easter day that the gathering of this church was a new evidence that the spirit of Jesus

was still alive, and could no longer be contained in the tomb of ecclesiasticism. Wycliffe, Luther, and the Heaven-sent messengers of the Reformation had rolled away the stone from the tomb ; but the spirit of Christianity in the English hierarchy was bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes and still redolent with the odor of papacy. It was Puritanism that uttered the words, "Loose him, and let him go."

In the Sailors' Bethel in Boston, where that inspired apostle, Father Taylor, thundered many a volley at the sin-bound sailor, there is behind the pulpit a large and striking picture of a ship riding over a stormy sea, while frowning cliffs rear their lofty perils. Such a picture must call forth in the hour of devotion the sailor's gratitude for a safe harbor, and symbolize the freedom of the sea and the peril of the shore. If, in any hour of defection from Puritan principles, we should surrender the severe and unpictorial simplicity of the old and much-loved "meeting-house" for a faint imitation of those mediæval cathedrals whose walls are adorned with the highest products of the genius of art, I should hope that some modern Raphael might paint for our altar-piece that illustrious event, two hundred and fifty years ago, when the *Mary and John*, freighted with the new-born church, set sail from Plymouth and stood out upon the broad ocean whose waves still kiss with equal love the shores of the old home and the new.

But you, dear friends, need not a "painted ship upon a painted ocean" to bring vividly before your imagination that interesting scene. I am not preaching to the prairie boy who has never seen a ship, never whiffed the sea-breeze, nor climbed such gigantic rocks as those on which this church is founded. I am preaching to-day to those who, every time they mount this hill-top to worship with this church, look far out upon the ocean which once bore it on its blue bosom. I

am preaching to those who do not consider that a boy has received a liberal education unless he can tie a bowline, man an oar, mind a helm. In the spirit of adventure which is very anciently and honestly derived, your white-winged yachts ride far out upon the foam-crested waves, and returning greet once more the old meeting-house, standing like a beacon on the hill-top. You who have so often weighed the anchor and spread the sail can picture to yourselves, as no inland-bred mind, that scene when the hawsers were cast off, the sails hoisted, and the *Mary and John* moved slowly toward a new destiny. You can hear the blocks creak and the water ripple at her sides. You can picture the mingled emotions of her passengers as they watch the shores of Old England recede until the voices of loved friends die away upon the ear, the waving of the hand is no longer descried, the houses dwindle into toys, a rim of blue haze settles down upon the horizon, and the brave craft is heaving to and fro, alone on the bosom of the deep. You, too, can summon the feelings of those who gathered on the shore to say the last adieu and breathe a last blessing on the God-spiced ship. John White is there, his bosom swelling with hope and pride. He cannot go with the flock ; but, like John Robinson, he can give his benediction. It is his voice, his labor, his inspiration that has animated the enterprise. His heart,

“ With all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on its fate.”

The gray-haired man has done his work. Captain and crew have done theirs. God does not fail to do his. Breezes from heaven fill the sails. She glides away from the tear-dimmed sight of the friends on shore. The “great ship” becomes a white-winged gull asleep on the cradling wave, then fades to a little speck on the far margin of the wide,



wrinkled sea, till the same blue haze that veils the shore from the pilgrims veils the pilgrims from the shore. Gone from sight, but not from heart: from ten thousand English breasts rises the then unworded prayer:—

“Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea:  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee.”

On the great ocean we leave the *Mary and John* to-day. On the 17th of June next, I invite you all to this church to extend to the memory of your newly landed fathers the fervent welcome of posterity.

Time has preserved and ripened the immediate, the remote, and the unexpected fruition of that Christian enterprise. But, if that ship and all on board had sunk to the bottom of the sea, the lofty faith, the sturdy resolution, the deep religious purpose which animated its passengers would still have been worthy of the admiration and the gratitude of mankind.

### **Afternoon Service.**

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THE exercises in the afternoon were resumed at three o'clock, and introduced, as described in the preceding programme, by an organ voluntary and an anthem from Mosenthal. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. M. Wilson of Quincy. The choir sang "Arise, shine, for thy light has come," by Dudley Buck. The one hundred and fifth Psalm which followed, taken from the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, was sung by the whole congregation with fine effect. Indeed, the psalm-singing, to the same tunes and words as used by the fathers two hundred and fifty years ago, was one of the most interesting features of the day.

### **Welcome by the Pastor.**

It has been a source of much satisfaction to me to observe the surprise with which many people learned that this church is two hundred and fifty years old. The gratification I have experienced lies in the fact that they had not discovered it themselves. They had detected no antiquity in the church feature, no decrepitude in its walk, no feebleness in its conversation. They had generously given us credit for having a considerable amount of vigor, but suspected no decay. If we wished to impose upon the public credulity, I am confident we might pass ourselves off as being no older than many of our neighbors who are at least two hundred years younger. There is no sense of guilt mingled with this satisfaction; for we have not tried to conceal our age. We

have used no dentistry, no cosmetics, no falsities of dress or ornament to make people believe we are younger than we really are. Whatever amenity of form or feature may belong to this church is natural to it, and therefore genuine. But there is another reason for this apparent youthfulness. It is that the members of this church have never been willing to live entirely upon its past. There has been a wholesome conviction that a church that is always rocking its cradle will sooner or later rock itself into the grave. No continued reminiscence of past usefulness, however engaging, can take the place of an active interest in the life that now is, with all its weighty obligations. I welcome you, therefore, first of all, as the pastor of a church which still recognizes its duty to the present, and aims in a humble though imperfect way to discharge it.

But, if we have not constantly advertised our age, we do not wish to conceal it. We make a free and frank confession to-day of our antiquity, with the kindling pride of the old writer, who, when he recorded the one hundred and twentieth year of Moses, said, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." We should be basely ungrateful to the memory of our fathers, ungrateful to those spiritual energies of history from which this church was formed, if we did not proudly recur to that little gathering in Plymouth, England, which we are called together to celebrate. We mean to remember it to-day, and we invite you to join with us in our satisfaction. Our programme has been artfully arranged so as to emphasize the fact, not that this church is now two hundred and fifty years old, but that it was once two hundred and fifty years younger. In other words, we point you to causes, not to results. We do not ask you to see what this church in Dorchester has done, but to look back to the forces which produced it.

I suppose most churches would be content with *one* two

hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It is the peculiar felicity of this church that it has two. We meet to-day to celebrate the formation of this church in Plymouth, England. In June next, we hope to celebrate the anniversary of its landing in Dorchester. The history of this church spans the ocean. You see, therefore, why we have two anniversary occasions.

For the sake of those who were not present at the morning service, Mr. Barrows gave a brief statement of the organization of the church in England and the prime objects of that enterprise, and continued as follows:—

Without regard to private ties of blood or special church connection, all present have an interest in those great spiritual forces which the day and the service recognize. Every Presbyterian as well as every Congregationalist should have an interest in the formation of this church; not because of its local fruits, but for the sake of the principles it embodied. Do not suppose, either, that our Episcopalian brethren, from whom we seceded so many years ago, must be left out in the snow to-day. No writers have been more generous in acknowledging the fruits of Puritanism than those of the Episcopal faith. Read Dean Stanley's address, delivered at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Salem, and you will see how his noble heart kindled at the thought of the Puritan movement. Even the Catholic may be grateful for its political fruits.

But that movement goes back beyond the days of our English fathers: it goes back to the time when Jesus sat by the well of Sychar, and spoke to the Samaritan woman: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father; but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit,

and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." The Old Church said, "You must worship in the temple." The Puritan said, "No : God is a spirit, who can be worshipped in spirit and in truth : we will follow the dictates of our hearts." It was faith in that principle which steeled them to resist prelatical persecution ; it was that which drew them together in the little gathering in Plymouth, England, and inspired them to lift up their hearts to God in praise and thanksgiving. As these came across the "long-waved deep," they could still worship God in their floating Bethel, because they believed in the spiritual truth of Christianity. They had not reached the full measure of that truth. We have not reached it ourselves. But this occasion will not be lost to us, if it helps us to-day to reconsecrate ourselves to the truth and beauty of that ideal of spiritual worship.

The choir then sang "God is a spirit," by W. Sterndale Bennett.

The duty of introducing the speakers for the afternoon devolved upon the pastor. It was appropriate that the first speaker should represent the oldest church in New England, reared two hundred and sixty years ago on Plymouth Rock.

The PASTOR.—In the year 1602, there was a little band of Congregationalists in Scrooby, England. For greater peace, they fled to Holland, and in 1620 found their way to America. I am very glad to be able to fulfil my promise of this morning, and introduce to you Rev. EDMUND QUINCY SEWALL OSGOOD, the pastor of that church and the successor of John Robinson.

**Address of Rev. Edmund Quincy Setwell Osgood.**

In the kind note of invitation to this service extended to me by your pastor, he rather irreverently advised me, on account of my youth and the aged church I represented, to appear in as large a white wig as possible. Through my friendship for Mr. Barrows, I could not help wishing to please him figuratively, if I could not do so literally. The white wig which I could not wear, you see shining without upon every snow-covered twig. Not only did I bring this weather with me on this account, but also that you might have a taste of the weather we in Plymouth are apt to have at our celebration on the 21st of December. It was rather hard for me to hear what your pastor just said with reference to rocking the cradle of the past. I fear we in Plymouth are always rocking that cradle. Every year we commemorate the departure from Holland. But for all that, for all my youth, and though I have been connected so short a time with that church, I am glad to be among you and hear what is said to you. I think it is well to look back upon the past occasionally, and see from what stock we have sprung. I think it is well to look back upon those simple principles which our forefathers held, and see how they have been passed along to us through the ages.

I suppose it is essential, however, when a man is asked to represent a church, to say something with reference to it. Mr. Barrows has spoken of the age of your church. Two hundred and fifty years old, he says, as if the mind could hardly comprehend that long period! Yet, while the little band under John White was preparing to leave Plymouth, England, even at that time we had our little colony of three hundred souls in Plymouth, Massachusetts. And, even as you have this lofty church now, we then had our snug log-cabin meeting-house on Burial Hill, with four little cannon

on top,— something you cannot boast of. Ralph Smith was our first pastor after John Robinson, who died in 1625. A person by the name of Lyford had been sent over to take Robinson's place, but was dismissed by the indignant people as unworthy. Then this Ralph Smith, as I have said, came in 1629. He was a Puritan, but of rather dull attainments. He stayed only a few years, and in 1631 or thereabouts his place was taken by Roger Williams. But, going back further, I come to the pith of my speech.

Puritanism had its first public word in 1550, when Joseph Hooker refused to put on the sacred vestments. The Non-conformists appeared in 1563, when Roger Coverdale and some of the churchmen would not sign the liturgy. Separatism came into notice in 1567, when ministers who were stronger in their belief than their predecessors, and who wished more liberty, actually declined to go into the church to worship. They worshipped in common dwelling-houses instead. You were Puritans then. My church was Separatist. We had gone one step further than you. That is the only point of distinction I desire to make here between the Puritans and the Separatists.

Still, there is a second thing I wish to say, speaking of our two churches, yours coming ten years after ours. These two bodies of men were collected in the same seaport town, and each party was carried over bodily as a church. That is a bond of common likeness between us. A third point, one of difference, is this : I grieve to think of it. The *Mayflower* men were mostly yeomen. The Massachusetts colonists belonged more to the gentry. In the short time I have been in Plymouth, I have heard it spoken of as being a reason why we had some of the trouble we did in the first few decades. I will not dwell on that fact now. It is a matter of no consequence to us American citizens of to-day.

There is a fourth thought to be noticed. It was in Scroo-

by, in the county of Nottingham, in 1602 or 1606 (as many think), that this little society worshipped in the house of Brewster. John Robinson was a teacher at that time; Brewster, an elder. Troubled by the English people, they took refuge in 1607 or 1608 in Amsterdam, and a little later in Leyden. In Leyden, Robinson held the position of pastor; and Brewster, that of teacher-elder. In 1620, the party set sail. They went to Delft-Haven, where the pastor prayed with them. The smaller ship, the *Speedwell* sailed forth to meet the *Mayflower*; and then both went out on the waters, but soon had to return on account of the unseaworthy condition of the former vessel. Again they set sail, but had barely gone a hundred leagues, when once more they put back, this time to the harbor of Plymouth, England, and from this place, whence your fathers started, they, too, finally sailed, on Sept. 6, 1620.

In July, 1620, shortly before the Pilgrims set out on their way to the shores of Massachusetts, John Robinson delivered that remarkable address which was liberal, we think, to the last degree, and the spirit of which we have in its purest form in our best New England churches of the present time. I will close by reading a few words from this address of John Robinson:—

BRETHREN,—We are now quickly to part from one another, and, whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but, whether the Lord hath appointed that or not, I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth, by my ministry; for I am fully persuaded, I am very confident, that the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of his will our good God has



revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it ; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

This is a misery much to be lamented, for, though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but, were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember that it is an article of your church covenant that you shall be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God. Remember that, and every other article of your sacred covenant. But I must here, withal, exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth. Examine it, consider it, and compare it with other scriptures of truth, before you receive it ; for it is not possible that the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-Christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.

The PASTOR.—Time removes a great many differences. I think you will all admit that to-day the people of Plymouth are just about as good as those of Dorchester, though, with your nautical knowledge, you can hardly forgive them for starting out in a leaky vessel.

We are disappointed in not having the pastor of the First Church of Salem with us to-day. Plymouth constituting at first a colony by itself, Salem was the first church of Massachusetts and the first Congregational church organized in this country. It was formed six months before ours in 1629. The spirit of good-will that has always existed between the First Church of Salem and that of Dorchester animates the following letter :—

*From the First Church of Salem.*

SALEM, MASS., March 25, 1880.

*The Brethren and Sisters of the First Church in Salem, to the First Church in Dorchester, Mass., send greeting,*

On this the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your gathering in Plymouth, England, and the embarkation of your forefathers for America,

We remember our common origin and our constant fellowship from the beginning; and send this salutation, as you assemble about the Lord's table on this Easter Sunday, in grateful remembrance of the goodness of God to your fathers and to you, their children, in preserving and prospering the simple spiritual principles of Christian faith and practice, upon which your church was founded, and from which you have not departed to this day.

Like our own venerable church, you were gathered at the first under a covenant of truth. The fathers and founders of your society "engaged themselves to study the advancement of the gospel in all truth and peace."

We rejoice with you that hitherto, amid the changes and controversies of the centuries, you have been enabled to maintain your freedom and independence, and that both in "worship and conversation" you have held fast unto the liberty which your fathers bought at a great price and bequeathed to you.

And we are the more thankful "to be with you in spirit upon this day, joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ," when we think of the godly and learned men, your ministers, who with Higginson, father and son, Williams and Peters, of our own church, established these religious societies in this Western World, and laid the foundations of the State with such great reverence for God and respect for man.

Having therefore received from the fathers "this kingdom which cannot be moved," may you have grace to serve God and your generation, in all righteousness, as they did, striving to attain unto the "present truth," and to adhere to a pure gospel of life and love.

And may the God of all grace, who brought again from the dead our elder brother, Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, comfort your hearts and 'stablish you in every good word and work.

In behalf of the First Church in Salem, yours in the truth and peace of the gospel,

F. ISRAEL, *Minister.*

SAML. B. BUTTRICK, }  
HENRY DERBY, } *Deacons.*

Easter, a day originally left out of the Puritans' calendar, has kept away the pastors of several churches, Dr. Rufus Ellis among them. The First Church of Boston was formed a few months after ours. Its members first gathered under

a tree in Charlestown, and listened to a sermon from Mr. Wilson, whose son was afterward a colleague of Richard Mather of this church. Its present pastor, so well known and respected by you all, sends the following letter : —

*From Rev. Rufus Ellis.*

106 MARLBOROUGH STREET, 26th March, 1880.

DEAR MR. BARROWS,— I am very sorry that I can be with you and yours on the memorable twenty-eighth only in spirit, as many Easter services demand my presence at home. Happily, you are compassed about by friends, as when your old church was still on the other side of the ocean, and not yet transplanted to this shore, then so desolate.

Let me assure you of my hearty congratulations. It is very pleasant to be so young an old man, beginning a new term of years under circumstances of such prosperity as would have moved the fathers to set up a series of thanksgivings and fasts, on the one hand, to acknowledge mercies, and on the other to pray that they might not be turned into calamities by hard hearts.

May the sun come out with its returning warmth and brightness upon your glad and solemn feast.

Affectionately yours,

RUFUS ELLIS.

When your fathers had landed at Nantasket, they took a boat and went up the Charles River to the present site of Watertown. They made preparations for settling there; but the other emigrants having found Dorchester, or Mattapan as it was then called, decided to remain here, and sent to them to come back. I cannot help thinking what a loss it was to Watertown that those early settlers left it. However, other vessels of the Winthrop fleet soon arrived, and Watertown was promptly settled. But the church there gave the colonists a good deal of trouble, because it would insist on believing that the Catholic Church was a true church. I am glad to welcome to-day the pastor of that old society, Rev. ARTHUR M. KNAPP.

Address of Rev. Arthur M. Knapp.

It is with much pleasure that I respond to the invitation to join in your service to-day, for it is peculiarly fitting that the ancient society which I have the honor to represent should have a voice in your commemoration.

Not only was the establishment of the church at Watertown almost exactly coeval with your own, it having been organized July 30, 1630, but also it was probably one of the veriest of trifles which prevented this society of yours from becoming the First Parish of Watertown instead of the First Parish of Dorchester. As says Hubbard, in his *History of New England*: "The colonists who came to Massachusetts Bay were not much unlike the family of Noah at their first issuing from the ark. Having as it were a new world to people, they were uncertain where to make their beginning."

It seems that on the day of the landing of the passengers of the *Mary and John* at Nantasket, ten of their number, embracing some of their chief personages, obtained a boat, and proceeded first to Charlestown, and thence up Charles River about five miles, and landed at a place in Watertown, on or near which is now built the United States Arsenal. Here, they evidently intended to settle, for they proceeded to plant their crops; but for some unexplained cause the settlement was soon after abandoned and the party rejoined their companions, who had in the mean time moved from Nantasket to Mattapan, soon after named Dorchester.

They afterward returned to gather the crops they had planted, and possibly made a further use in after years of this outlying field, whence that part of Watertown took the name of Dorchester Fields, which was its common appellation down to the beginning of the present century.

Shortly after their removal, a permanent settlement was

effected by another company, who set sail from England one month after the departure of the *Mary and John*. Among their number were Sir Richard Saltonstall and Rev. George Phillips, the first pastor of the Watertown Church.

Concerning the exact date of the formation of the church, there seems to have been some doubt and controversy, the question having engaged the attention and divided the opinions of some of the most able and accurate antiquarians.

If Dr. Kendall in his *Century Discourse* is right,—and he makes a very fair and lucid collation of authorities,—the Watertown Church is second only to that of Salem. The latter may, without doubt, claim the priority. The original First Church of Dorchester was the second or next oldest. But, in 1636, this church, or a large part of it, with its church organization, migrated to Windsor, Conn., and of course ceased to be a church of Massachusetts Bay. Since that migration, Watertown has a fair claim to rank as the second church of the colony. The only one, according to Bond's statement, beside Dorchester, that has a plausible claim to be coeval, is the First Church of Boston, originally organized in Charlestown.

This question of priority of date, however, it is not within my present province to discuss. Neither if it were, have I sufficient knowledge of the subject to adequately present it. I simply suggest it as an interesting historical inquiry upon which some light may perhaps be thrown by the studies to which the attention of many of us will this year very naturally be directed.

To-day, you will be more interested to know something of the spirit which animated the early founders of the church whose history tallies so closely with your own. Of the fleet of four ships which sailed from the Isle of Wight on the 8th of April, the *Arbella*, having among its passengers the early settlers of Watertown, was the first which arrived. It could

not keep company with the rest of the fleet, for it held the Independents of the Independents.

Says Dr. Francis, in his *Historical Discourse*: "Whatever charges of bigotry, of intolerance, or of a persecuting spirit may be brought against the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, cannot attach to the church at Watertown, established by Saltonstall and his followers." These men, accepting the logic of Protestantism, were characterized by a spirit of toleration, which in those days and under the circumstances was rare indeed. The church was heretical and independent from its very foundation. Its first pastor for a long time stood alone among the New England clergy in his advocacy of strict congregationalism and independency in church government; and, when his colleague was settled, the installation was by this church alone, the neighboring parishes being entirely ignored, much to the scandal of the brethren.

The church, as a whole, seemed to sympathize strongly with its pastor in his independent views, and upheld him in all his theological heresies, which were, for those days, of a pronounced character.

Individual members of the church were also distinguished for their liberality and for their tolerant spirit. Among these, Sir Richard Saltonstall was pre-eminent.

When the other churches of the colony were exhibiting their intolerant zeal by persecuting all who differed from them in matters of faith, the indignation of Sir Richard was fairly roused, and found utterance in an admirable letter of rebuke to Mr. Cotton and Mr. Wilson, ministers of Boston. From this letter, I know you will be glad to have me read the following extract:—

Reverend and deare friends whom I unfaynedly love and respect,—  
It doth not a little grieve my spirit to heare what sadd things are reported daily of your tyranny and persecutions in New England, as that you fyne,

whip, and imprison men for their consciences. First, you compel such to come into your assemblies, as you know will not joyne with you in your worship; and, when they show their dislike thereof or witness against it, then you styrre up your magistrates to punish them for such (as you conceyve) their publick affronts.

Truly, friends, this your practise of compelling any in matters of worship to doe that whereof they are not fully persuaded is to make them sin; for soe the Apostle tells us, and many are made hypocrites thereby, conforming in their outward man for feare of punishment. We who pray for you and wish you prosperity every way hoped the Lord would have given you so much light and love there, that you might have been eyes to God's people here, and not to practice those courses in a wilderness, which you went so far to prevent. These rigid ways have laid you very lowe in the hearts of the saints. I doe assure you I have heard them pray in the publique assemblies that the Lord would give you meek and humble spirits, not to stryve so much for uniformity as to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

I hope you do not assume to yourselves infallibilitie of judgment, when the most learned of the apostles confesseth he knew in part and saw but darkly as through a glass. Oh, that all those who are brethren, though they cannot think and speak the same things, might be of one accord in the Lord.

Now, the God of patience and consolation grant you to be thus minded toward one another, after the example of Jesus Christ our blessed Savior, in whose everlasting armes of protection he leaves you, who will never cease to be

Your truly and much affectionate friend in the nearest union,

RIC: SALTONSTALL.

Nor was this eminent leader alone in this avowal of the ultra-liberalism of the time. "Mr. Richard Brown, a ruling elder of the congregation, had the boldness even to avow and defend the opinion that 'the churches of Rome were true churches.' In this sentiment, the pastor concurred, maintaining that the papal church was not so fundamentally erroneous as to render salvation impossible within her communion,—a concession which, though we should now regard it as only an ordinary exercise of charity and justice,

must have been in those times exceedingly offensive, especially as it was then made only by the High Church party in England."

Side by side with this extreme liberalism in ecclesiastical matters, we find, as we might naturally expect, an equally extreme sensitiveness in matters relating to civil freedom. Just as in our own time the churches most liberal in their theology were the foremost champions of the cause of the slave, so, significantly enough, we find in a protest of the Watertown Parish in 1631, against a tax levied upon them for a fortification at Cambridge, the earliest manifestation of that watchful jealousy of unauthorized taxation which was afterward developed with such serious consequences in the disputes between the colonies and the mother country.

So strong waxed this spirit in after times, so uniformly were the parish and its ministers imbued with the feeling of patriotism, that this early home of heresy and freedom was selected as a place of refuge for the General Court during the Revolution.

Such was the spirit which animated the company of emigrants who embarked in the *Arbella*,—a spirit which, estimated by its outcome and results in the civil and ecclesiastical life of New England, makes the name of this ship worthy to be placed in history beside that of the *Mayflower*.

It was their bold and consistent following of the logic of Protestantism, their willingness to accept the consequences of freedom in religion, and their fearlessness as to the results to which it might lead, which laid the foundation not only of the freedom, but of the faith which we enjoy to-day.

Dr. Francis says that "our fathers, when they began their cheerless work here in the wilderness, would have deemed it the wildest dream of romance, had they been told of the mighty edifice which was to be reared on their labors."

So might we say of these early champions of religious



freedom,—that they could not have had the faintest conception of the faith to which the logic of their principles would lead, the faith which has now superseded their grim, unlovely creeds.

But may we not believe that, were they living to-day, they would as gladly accept the faith as the facts of to-day, entirely transformed as that faith has become?

The church at Watertown fronts a road, in the history of which—as set forth in a Cambridge discourse of one of our brethren, a few years since—there is a fact peculiarly significant of the course of religious thought in that church so early indicated, and of the inevitable result of abiding by the logic of a principle.

The discourse says: “Some two hundred years ago, commissioners were appointed by the colony of Massachusetts Bay to lay out a road ten miles west of Boston, into what was then the wilderness of Newton. It took, like such works now, more time and money than was expected, and the commissioners felt obliged to explain the facts to the General Court; but they triumphantly added that, though it had been such a great expense, the colony was to be congratulated on the successful completion of the work, as there would never be need of a road any further in that direction.

“Now mount some eminence, and see how far the awakened life of thought has travelled. The ten miles have lengthened into hundreds and thousands. Wilderness after wilderness of doubt has been successfully tracked. Valleys of despair have been exalted. Hills that obstructed vision and were difficult of access have been laid low. Niagara’s terrific flood, that seemed the very opening of moral chaos and of the infernal regions, has been safely spanned. Deserts of barren philosophy have been made passable and converted to fertility. The Rocky Mountains, thick-ribbed with the strength of ancient, long-spent forces, like the Church

with its harsh dogmas and iron-bound traditions have been surmounted. Faith and persistent, courageous labor have literally removed them, to prepare the new way of the Lord ; and to-day the Protestant road, following its track of inevitable logic, looks out confidently upon the broad Pacific Sea, emblem of the Infinite still beyond and above, and a highway also, over whose free and vast expanse the nations and races and religions of the oldest world and the newest are to sail into neighborhood and into conditions of mutual regard, fraternity, co-operation, progress, peace."

The PASTOR.—As they have an arsenal at Watertown, and we haven't, I will not get up a quarrel in regard to the age of our respective churches. As Mr. Hall once said, "Taking away the records does not necessarily take away the church." One of the ministers of the church certainly went to Connecticut at that time, but the other stayed here; and Deacon Clapp has found, after a great deal of close study, that the greater part of the people remained.\*

The church of Roxbury worshipped for about a year with us in Dorchester, before one was formed there. I had hoped to have the pastor of that church, Rev. J. G. Brooks, with us to-day ; but he, too, has been faithless to the old Puritan calendar, and is keeping Easter. I will read a letter he sends us : —

*From Rev. John G. Brooks.*

ROXBURY, MASS., 26th March, 1880.

REV. S. J. BARROWS :

*My dear Brother,*—Being prevented from uniting with you in your anniversary services, I hasten to send a message of good-will from this society that once worshipped with you.

Whether our relation to you be that of child to parent or sister to

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\* See Appendix.

sister, the first home of our Christian nurture was with you. May this memory now and ever keep strong and sacred the tie that still unites us. We will not forget our duties of grateful remembrance, nor lose the sense of Christian sympathy which that year of common worship should ever inspire, but pray and strive that fellowship in all good word and work may deepen with the passing years, and we continue in spirit at one in the true ministry of Christ.

In the bond of Christian brotherhood, I am sincerely yours,

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS,

*Minister of First Religious Society of Roxbury.*

Though the pastor of the Roxbury church is absent, we are favored by the presence of one of its deacons, Mr. E. B. REYNOLDS, whom I will ask to say a word.

**Remarks of E. B. Reynolds, Esq.**

It is a pleasure to have a part in this joyous occasion, and to represent the good old Roxbury church, though I regret that our minister, who could speak a more appropriate word, is unable to be here, owing to an Easter service this afternoon. He has, however, as you have seen, expressed his sympathy by letter.

While the churches of our denomination cannot boast of much intimacy one with another, still it seems to me that there has always existed a very close tie between this and the one at Roxbury. It appears that our church was formed by delegates from this one. While you have always acted the part of a devoted parent, I trust we, as a child, have not been undutiful. Not content with simply starting the church at Roxbury,—imbued with the true missionary spirit, you have from time to time sent to us re-enforcements. Many families in our congregation at present and within my recollection had their origin here. I recall the names of May and Train, of Rice, Phipps, Sears, Beal, and many others.

In times of sorrow as in joy, we have been together. Ah! I can never forget one occasion. Well I remember when our dear pastor was called to deep affliction. Who was it that came over without delay, and out of his great, loving soul *ministered*, as few like him could do? I shall never forget that simple, touching funeral service,—a model one, indeed. Yes: the tender, kindly offices at the funeral of Mrs. Putnam endeared to all of us the name of Mr. Hall. Your good minister appeared oftener in our pulpit than any one else in the neighborhood, and we were always glad to see him there. It is pleasant to see his successor, and we would like to have him favor us more frequently.

I cannot close without expressing my gratification at what I see before me, for it touches what is dearest in my heart. What more appropriate than that at this festal hour you should spread this table of communion? Where but here should we sit and acknowledge the great head of the Church? Perhaps this is the secret of your success and age, because you have kept close to our common Lord and Master. Now, more than ever, do we as a body need to proclaim our fealty to Jesus Christ before the world. It seems to me, we can do no better thing to-day than by coming up here and declaring our renewed allegiance. While confessing him with the heart and life, let us not forget to honor his name.

The PASTOR.—From its settlement here in 1630 until 1807, the First Church of Dorchester was the only church in the town. The size and convenience of the congregation then led to the formation of a new society. In the separation that occurred, the kindest feelings animated the mother and the daughter church. The dedication sermon for the new meeting-house was preached by Dr. Harris; and it is interesting to remember, so near the one hundredth anniver-

sary of Dr. Channing's birth, that it was he who preached the ordination sermon of Dr. Codman, the first pastor of the new church. The letter of application for dismissal and the letter granting it are so warmly affectionate, that I venture to read extracts from them both.\*

*To the Members of the Church of Christ in Dorchester:—*

Your brethren about to form a Second Church in this town take the liberty of adding a few observations to the request they have laid before you for a dissolution of their relation as joint members in church fellowship with you.

In making this application, we experience a variety of affecting sentiments. We recollect that at our admission into the church we promised to watch over each other with a spirit of love and tenderness, and to counsel and assist each other as occasion might require, and opportunity be offered.

These Christian regards on our part we wish always to cherish, and we hope from you a reciprocal return of affection and kindness.

In a view of our covenant vows, and engagements to God and each other, we now profess that our arrangements hitherto have been guided with reference to the better accommodation of ourselves and others, in this large and growing town, in the service of public worship, and the more convenient attendance upon the ordinances.

We have, in every stage of this important business, expressed our reluctance to complete separation. That it is now to take place is a painful consideration; but we yield to it upon principles of accordance, and with sincere desires that we may be one in brotherly love and charity, though separated in place of public worship, in the celebration of the ordinances, and in church establishment and discipline; and we entreat you not to consider division as implying alienation, for that we would never feel.

The large and respectable committee chosen by the church, whose report you have accepted, have stated the principles on which we now found our request that our relation may be dissolved, and that we may be formed into a Second Church in the town of Dorchester. In carrying your vote of acceptance into effect, we assure ourselves of your readiness to yield us cheerfully the privileges and advantages there granted; and we now make the additional request that you would enter-

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\*The documents, originally read in part, are here given in full.

tain toward us the pleasant intercourse which belongs to the communion of churches.

Brethren, the period of our separation has arrived. It is solemn and affecting. Bear us on your devout petitions to God, that he would endow us with wisdom profitable to direct us, that he would build us up, and succeed and prosper our designs for the furtherance of gospel order.

We are engaged in a great and arduous undertaking. We must now look forward to the settlement of a pastor, for we are as sheep removed from the fold. Intreat, we beseech you, the Great Head of the Church that he would send us a spiritual guide, who shall lead us in the way everlasting.

God forbid that we should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you and your spiritual instructor, whom we bear on our hearts with the highest esteem, and separate from with the deepest regret.

Finally, brethren, farewell. Grant us now and always your goodwill, your Christian communion, and your prayers; for these are requested by those who always felt happy in Christian fellowship with you, though now subscribers for the purpose of forming a Second Church, and who will still unite with you in fervent prayer that we may all have our transgressions forgiven, and be renewed and sanctified by redeeming grace; and that we may be preserved from sin and every evil while we live in this world, and be prepared for that more important state of existence to which we are all hastening.

STEPHEN BADLAM,  
SAMUEL WITHINGTON, } *Committee.*  
JOSEPH CLAP,

DORCHESTER, Dec. 13, 1807.

The reply of the church to this application was equally tender and affectionate:—

*Brethren and Sisters,*— In yielding to your request for a dissolution of your immediate relation to us, we reciprocate the tender and affecting sentiments with which that application was accompanied, and assure you of our good-will and cordial affection, which many considerations have served to strengthen. As inhabitants of the same town, as neighbors, friends, and relatives; as those who have gone with us to the house of God in company; as joint worshippers and attendants upon religious services; as bound by the same covenant engagements, and partakers together at the same table of the Lord,— we have ties peculiarly strong

and affectionate, and we would be far from considering that the kind regards which these have produced are alienated or even diminished by the separation which now takes place. Although circumstances have made it expedient that you should form a new church, and your membership with us should be dissolved, yet we cannot be indifferent to your welfare. We pray that you may enjoy the divine guidance, may be formed into church estate in gospel order and agreeably to the ecclesiastical platform, and that you may soon be settled under a pastor in whose care and instruction your spiritual improvement may be promoted and your prosperity advanced.

It will be pleasing to us that, whenever you have inclination and opportunity, you should come to our communion table, and that where we pledged our vows of Christian fellowship we may occasionally meet those with whom we first partook the sacred elements.

Finally, brethren and sisters, accept the benediction we pronounce, with pious application to heaven in your behalf; and may the God of grace, who hath called us to his eternal kingdom and glory by Jesus Christ, assist, stablish, and settle you; and, in whatever respects we be separate on earth, may you and we be joint members of the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

THADDEUS M. HARRIS,	} <i>Committee.</i>
MOSES EVERETT,	
EDWARD PIERCE,	
JAMES HUMPHREYS,	
EBENEZER WALES,	
EZEKIEL TOLMAN,	

It was a pleasure this morning to have with us the former pastor of the Second Church, Rev. J. H. Means. I have an additional pleasure this afternoon in introducing the present pastor, Rev. E. N. PACKARD.

**Remarks of Rev. E. N. Packard.**

It gives me very great pleasure to join this afternoon in this service, in commemoration of the virtues of our forefathers. I stand here for myself as well as, in some sense, the representative of the congregation that left this church seventy years ago. While doing so, I regret that I am so new to the field that the aroma of antiquity has not yet been

felt by me. I am not native, and to the manner born. Hence, I shall avoid all historical allusion which would show me as a stranger to this particular Canaan. I regret, moreover, that the Second Church cannot be represented this afternoon by one who was its pastor so many years, and whose words, on every occasion, are as apples of gold in pictures of silver.

It is, I say, a privilege to recognize, as we do to-day, the virtues of our fathers; and I have been greatly instructed by the addresses this afternoon, which have recalled, in some measure, the noble work which those remarkable men and women, under God, did here. The roots of our civil liberties reach far down into that spiritual liberty wherewith Christ makes us free. If you change the real religious conviction of a people ever so little, you will register a corresponding change in their civil and political convictions. If that religious, that spiritual revolt becomes great and wide-spread, you will see revolutions against governments, and the sword drawn,—the sword of tyranny against those who rise in the spirit of freedom. Our Saviour said he came not to bring peace, but a sword. The very principles he inaugurated were principles that, carried out, were destructive weapons and elements in the civil order of mankind. Our fathers, as we know, were under the influence of Calvinism. We have all been inoculated with it, although it has taken in different degrees with us, and we are none of us likely to die of it to-day. But Calvinism was, in its inception at Geneva, not more a system of theology, a set of propositions in the mathematics of theology, than it was republicanism in government. The tyrants of Europe hated and dreaded it as a *political* element against which they had to contend. Aside from anything more than the mere historical facts of the case, it is interesting to know that the new relations in which men found themselves placed to God, as Calvinists,



brought them into new relations in regard to their fellow-men. Exalting the sovereignty of God brought man up relatively, and put him in a place of independence; and a man who felt he was something in the plans of God from all eternity could snap his fingers in the face of kings, and was ready for martyrdom. Consequently, he became an uncomfortable member of society, and he was expelled in so far as he could not be stamped out. And so it is that these principles of our fathers, which they received from Geneva, led them out, not only into greater spiritual liberty, but into civil and political liberty as well. They went at once to constructing a new civil order. One of the objects before our fathers in the establishment of the church was, as your pastor has said, that a Hebrew theocracy might be produced in this country. They did not know to what they were called, and how far their principles were to lead them. We glorify them, because they *confessed* those principles, not because they perfectly represented them. For example, they had not followed out the logic of their principles, and were intolerant. We glorify them, not for this, but for having set loose in the world germinating truths, for having been willing to confess them, in their humble way, and in defence and propagation of them to flee from their own dear land and homes.

As I understand it, the founders of this church were not so thoroughly Congregational when they came here as those who settled Plymouth were. But, very soon after arriving, there was something in the atmosphere that led in the direction of Plymouth. There was a logical necessity for a free church, in which all members should be equal, in which the members should draw up their own confessions of faith, appoint their own pastors and teachers, and stand perfectly free from the domination of other churches, except as it is expressed in a fraternal way. They grew into this, hardly knowing how.

Still further, they did not understand that they were to lay the foundation of a great republic on these shores. They did not intend to cut themselves off from England's rule. One of the reasons given by Robinson for the Pilgrim emigration from Holland was that they might better serve their own country under their own flag. So these men and these women were really, beyond their own thought and beyond their own foresight, laying the foundation of a great system of civil and religious liberty, of a State that should come up one hundred and fifty years afterwards to be the wonder of all the world.

The generic idea of our government lies in the town-meeting; but the town-meeting of New England was the outgrowth of the *Congregational church-meeting*. The elder Adams told the Abbé Mably not to undertake the history of the laws and institutions of the United States until he had mastered the church-system of New England.

So Jefferson acknowledged that these principles of government, as shown in a little Baptist church in Virginia, gave him the idea of our republic.

Thus the civil liberties root back in spiritual freedom. We rejoice that in the fulness of time, as these principles became mighty through the spreading colonies, there came a day when, in that luminous and clarified atmosphere of religious and civil liberty, it was possible for our fathers to say to all mankind, what had never been so said before: "We hold these truths to be *self-evident*, that all men are created equal."

I suppose we agree that we can honor our fathers best by to-day having something of their spirit; not by doing the same things; not by following the same way in all respects; far from it. But in having that same bold, uncompromising spirit against every form of evil in the heart or life of man, in social and civil order, fighting against wrongs, willing to

be singular for the sake of the truth. I believe to-day, one of the fundamental difficulties we labor under is in the loss of this great truth that our fathers saw so clearly: that civil liberty is irreparably joined with spiritual liberty. You cut off the thought of God as a ruler in human affairs from the mind of a reformer, and he is ready for communism and nihilism, to curse God and lead men into all forms of iniquity. Look at the history of the States of Europe that refused the Reformation. Take France for example, where once the Huguenots numbered one-third of the population; where there were two thousand of our churches, and where there was a mighty Protestant power.

But France, rejecting the Reformation, and by sending thousands and thousands of Protestants out of her borders, many to South Carolina, wrought out her own moral ruin, and has had the least stable of European governments since.

So to-day our principles are threatened, and how shall we meet this spirit of communism, and nihilism? How shall we meet this abominable indifference to political principles, except by bringing back those things together which should never be disunited: spiritual liberty and political freedom? We must have them both. The irruption in our sister State of Maine, last winter, was but a symptom of a disease in the people. Maine is not the worst State of the Union. The people of Maine are not worse than other people. The darkest fact in that dark hour, when civil war was threatening the State, was that the two political parties stood almost equally divided, the one approving, and the other condemning what was, on the face of it, an infamous fraud. The disease in the people, that allows them to attempt to alter election returns, does not belong to any one party. It is in the separation of the principles of civil and religious liberty. It is looking on politics as a mere game.

Let us go back then, my friends, in the name of our

fathers, to true principles. Let us pursue that thought, that we must be right with God before we can be right with our fellow-men. We cannot cut off the past from our present. We cannot live without God, and have a stable civil order. But, going back to him with confidence and trust and penitence, we can labor together for all that is good, and we shall see our State saved from this wretched indifference and this practical atheism. May God grant us this great blessing, and so we shall honor our fathers in the highest way.

The PASTOR.—I am sure we all thank Mr. Packard for his masterly presentation of this subject. We shall fail to learn the lesson that the fathers taught us, if we do not endeavor to carry our religion into our patriotism.

Milton was formerly a part of Dorchester. Its people worshipped with ours. I am glad we have here to-day the senior pastor of the church at Milton, which, though not so old as we, has already celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. We shall all be happy to hear from Dr. MORISON.

**Remarks of Rev. John H. Morison, D.D.**

We have come together to-day to honor those who have gone before us,—our ancestors. I say *our* ancestors; for though, according to the flesh, my own came a century later, yet I have so long identified myself with the citizens of a town once a part of this town; I have made their interests so entirely mine, their griefs, their joys, their successes, and their reverses have been so much a part of my own life, that I feel that I am one of them, one of *you*; and I would say as Ruth, the Moabitish woman, said to her mother-in-law, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

We have come to honor our ancestors. It is good for us

to do so. I remember a story which Dr. Pierce, one of the best men that ever was reared under the shelter of this church, used to tell, with a great deal of zest, in regard to this subject. He was with a friend at a levee of the President of Harvard College. This friend laughed at him for having a regard for ancestors. During the afternoon, he got him up by the side of old John Adams, second President of the United States, and said to Mr. Adams, "What do you think of a man who does not care anything about his ancestors?" "Why," said John Adams, "I hold that a man who is not proud of a virtuous ancestry is both a natural and an unnatural fool."

Yes, it is good for us to look back to a virtuous ancestry; it does us good to call their highest qualities before us. No one, I think, can read the words which were read to us to-day from John Robinson's last address to his people, without feeling that it was a great soul that gave utterance to those truths,—words that, after two hundred and sixty years, come to us with a freshness and a power which can belong only to the words of a great soul. And it is a great thing for the Plymouth people to be able to look back through all the generations that have passed, and find there at the head of their church, a man of such principles as those,—one whom they can justly venerate.

It is a great thing that the members of this church can look back to a man like John White, who must have been of a liberal spirit. Though rector of a parish of the Church of England, he yet spent time, thought, and means in sending out these churches, which were to be governed in a different way, and which were to be animated by a different spirit, in a measure, from that of the Church of England. It is a great thing for these New England churches to look back and find, at the farthest point of the perspective, two figures like John White and John Robinson standing there.

It was a great thing for those who came here that such godly men were following them, in their privations and sufferings, with their benedictions and prayers. And it is a great thing for this nation,—for us, in looking back to him who, more than any other, created the government for the people and secured the independence of the country, to find that great, august, majestic figure rising before us; that man without a spot upon his character, whose high place was even lower than the loftiness of his mind, and whose great work was even less than the greatness of the man.

These thoughts are all I wish to express here; and it is a thing for which we ought to be thankful constantly, that those to whom we look back as the founders of individual churches, the founders of this community, the founders of this government, should be men whom we can so honor and respect.

The PASTOR.—The uncongenial weather of this stormy day has served one purpose: it has shown us, in the large attendance at these exercises, that the heroic spirit of the old Puritans is not wholly wanting in their descendants. In the length of these services, we have tried to put your hardihood to another proof. Yet, in spite of our efforts, we have hardly succeeded in coming up to the Puritan standard in this respect. Tayler, in his *Religious Life in England*, quotes Calamy's *Life of Howe* to show the enormous length of an early Puritan service.

“He told me,” says Calamy (*Life of Howe*, p. 5), “it was, upon those occasions, his common way to begin about nine in the morning, with a prayer for about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day; and afterwards read and expounded a chapter or psalm, in which he spent about three-quarters; then prayed for an hour, preached for another hour, and prayed for about half an hour. After this, he retired and took some little refreshment for about a quarter of an hour or more (the people singing all the while), and then came again into the pulpit and prayed for another hour, and gave them

another sermon of about an hour's length; and so concluded the service of the day, at about four of the clock in the evening, with about half an hour or more in prayer."

Here is another account of a day of fasting and prayer, kept by the Westminster Assembly:—

"We spent from nine to five very graciouslie. After Dr. Twisse had begun with a briefe prayer, Mr. Marshall prayed large two houres, most divinellie,—in a wonderfullie pathetick and prudent way. After, Mr. Arrowsmith preached one houre, then a psalme; thereafter, Mr. Vines prayed near two houres, and Mr. Palmer preached one houre, and Mr. Seaman prayed near two houres; then a psalme. After, Mr. Henderson brought them to a short, sweet conference of the heart, confessed in the Assemblie, and other seen faults to be remedied, and the conveniencie to preach against all sects, especiallie Anabaptists and Antinomians. Dr. Twisse closed with a short prayer and blessing." — *Bailie, Letters and Journals, 1644, Vol. II., p. 184.*

As the conversion of the Indian was one of the great objects which the early settlers had at heart, the pastor took advantage of the unexpected presence of General Armstrong, President of Hampton University, to invite him to say a few words on the experiment in Indian education which that institution is trying.

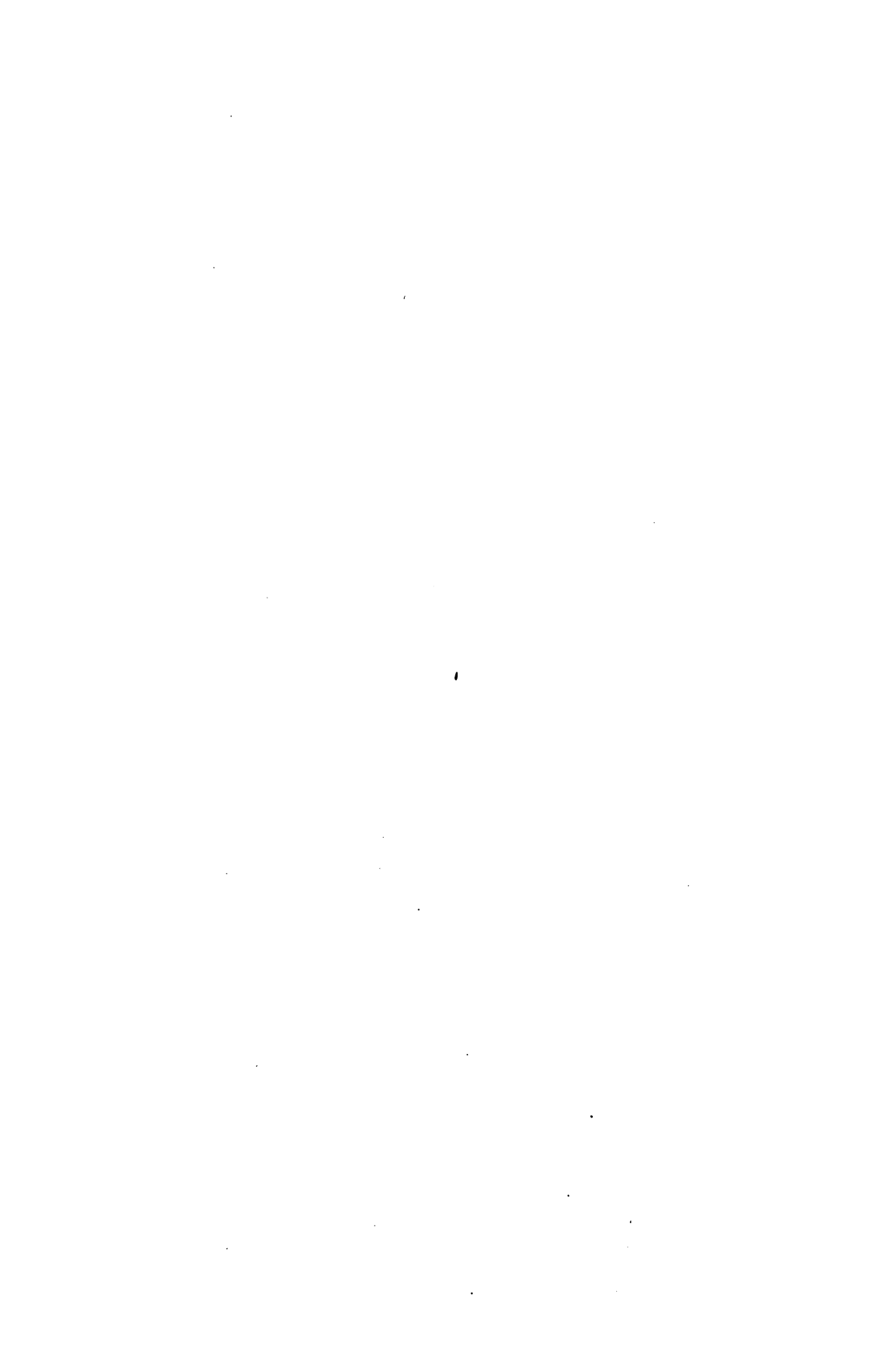
At the conclusion of General Armstrong's remarks, an invitation was extended to all to remain during the communion service which followed. Two verses of the one-hundredth Psalm (Sternhold and Hopkins) were sung. Communicants then took seats in the body of the house, the venerable study-chair of John Eliot of Roxbury being placed behind the communion-table for the use of the leader. The service conducted by the Rev. John H. Morison was beautiful and impressive. From that ancient communion set, some of whose cups are more than two hundred years old, nearly seven generations had successively partaken. The tender memories and suggestions which the very vessels summoned were delicately blended by the speaker with the spiritual inspirations of the day. The First Church of Roxbury, whose people, as already mentioned, worshipped with the First Church of Dorchester in 1631, was represented by Deacon E. B. Reynolds, who assisted in the distribution of the elements. The Christian comity and friendship which prevailed is seen in the fact that many members of other churches not of the same faith of the First Church of Dorchester cheerfully remained and became participants of the closing feature of the Memorial Service.

**Two Hundred and Fiftieth**  
**Anniversary**  
of  
**The Settlement in New England**  
of the  
**First Parish of Dorchester,**

Coincident with the Settlement of the Town,

**June 17 (N.S.), 1630.**





## Introduction.

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WHILE the anniversary in March commemorated the gathering of the church in Plymouth, England, and the departure for America, the second celebration commemorated the planting of the church and colony in Dorchester, coincident with the settlement of the town itself. Under the modern reckoning, the old date (June 6, O.S.) fell upon the 17th of June,—also the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The weather without, like the exercises within, furnished a fitting complement to the first celebration. The soft, balmy air and mellow sunshine of a perfect June day contrasted strongly with the wintry aspect and chill breezes of Easter Sunday.

Concerning the general plan of the day, the details of which are revealed in the programme and full reports which follow, it is sufficient to say that the morning hours were devoted to a religious service, with a historic sermon, while the afternoon service took its key-note from the settlement of the town and its civil history.

Invitations were specially extended to the Governor of the State, who, with Colonels Kingsbury and Train, of his staff, was present at both services; to the pastors of all churches in Dorchester, and their congregations; to the pastors of the oldest churches in Boston and vicinity; to the oldest residents of the town; to many prominent descendants of

its founders, in various parts of the country (including Generals Grant, Sherman, Terry, and Benham, Hon. E. W. Stoughton, ex-Minister to Russia), and to many others whose interest in the early fortunes of the Massachusetts Colony and the town of Dorchester made them welcome and sympathetic guests.

June lent her flowers in rich profusion for the decorations of the day. Great masses of mountain-laurel hid the pulpit behind its glossy leaves and snowy blossoms. Connecticut, so early founded by energetic settlers from Dorchester, sent her fresh greeting of laurel to blend with that of Massachusetts. Heavy banks of roses filled the air with fragrance. Among them was one from a bush which tradition says was brought over in the *Mary and John*. From Providence came a bunch of damask roses, from stock brought from England in 1726, and a spray of white roses from a bush taken from Plymouth, Massachusetts, one hundred years ago. On the fronts of the galleries was the conspicuous motto, wrought in evergreen, "God be with us as with our fathers," and on either side of the pulpit the figures 1630—1880. A large basket of flowers was suspended from the centre-piece of the auditorium. The vestry was hung with pictures and sketches of Dorchester, England, kindly loaned by Rev. E. G. Porter of Lexington, Mass.

A chorus of thirty-two singers, under the training and direction of Mr. Wm. H. M. Austin, re-enforced the regular quartette choir of the church, at the morning service. Mr. H. W. Edes, the organist, was assisted by Mrs. Gertrude J. Rogers. Mrs. H. M. Knowles, the accomplished soprano of the church, being unfortunately kept away by sickness, her place was acceptably filled by Mrs. H. E. H. Carter. Further details of the musical service, which called forth well-merited praise, are found in the programme which follows.

One of the most interesting events of the celebration was

the reception of a telegram from the Mayor of Dorchester, England, conveying the affectionate greeting of the mother-town. The message was received at ten o'clock in the morning, just before the services began. It is printed in connection with the afternoon report.

Among the relics displayed was the study-chair of John Eliot, "apostle to the Indians," now in the custody of the First Parish; a copy of Rev. John White's *Way to the Tree of Life*, published in 1647, the property of William B. Trask; and a model of the chair in the town hall of Dorchester, England, in which Judge Jeffreys sat while presiding at the Bloody Assize, 1658 A.D.



**Order of Exercises.**

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**Morning Service, 10.00 A.M.**

**Organ Voluntary.**

**Invocation.**

**Rev. FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM.**

**Music.**

Hallelujah Chorus, from the "Mount of Olives," . . . *Beethoven.*

**Prayer.**

**Rev. E. N. PACKARD.**

**Music.**

"Let the bright Seraphim," from "Samson," . . . . . *Handel.*

Solo, Mrs. H. E. H. CARTER.

Cornet Obligato, by E. M. BAGLEY.

**Scripture Selection.**

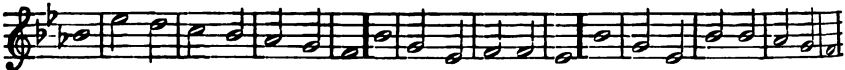
**Rev. CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.**

**Psalm 90.**

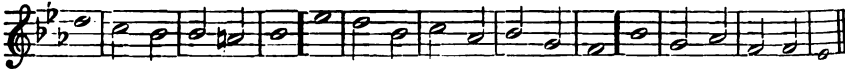
(Sung at the landing in 1630.)



1. Thou Lord hast beene our sure de - fence, Our place of ease and rest;  
 2. O let thy worke and power ap - peare, And on thy ser - vants light;



In all times past, yea, so long since, as can - not be ex - prest. Re - fresh us with thy mer - cy soon,  
 And shew un - to thy chil - dren deare, thy glo - ry and thy might. Lord let thy grace and mer - cy stand



And then our joy shall be: All times so long as life shall last in heart re - joyce shall we  
 On us thy ser - vants thus: Con - firme the workes we take in hand, Lord pros - per them to us.

**Sermon.**

By the Pastor, Rev. S. J. BARROWS.

**Original Ode.**

By Miss ELIZA T. CLAPP. Music by H. W. EDGS.

Thou living Truth and vital Power!  
 We cling unto thy changeless breast,  
 The phantoms of a mortal hour,  
 And find immortal life and rest.

Our fathers spoke their thought of thee  
 In words austere, with lips aglow,  
 And told in prayer, on bended knee,  
 The mystic tale of human woe;

We, children of a later hour,  
 Seek in soft speech and gentler tongue  
 To veil the splendor of thy power,  
 And do thy brooding love no wrong.

Our fathers caught with straining ear  
 The echoes of the Sinai storm,  
 And we a rarer music hear,—  
 The worship of the Life new-born;

But guard us, oh, thou living Lord,  
If, lost our silken lines among,  
We miss the high, heroic chord  
That through their manly accents rung,  
Shone on their brows the fervid beam  
Of truth, in human symbols given:  
Oh, guard us, lest earth's tender sheen  
Shut off that grander light of heaven.

**Closing Prayer.**

By Rev. GOWAN C. WILSON.

**Psalm 107.**

(From *Bay Psalm Book*, 1640.) TUNE: "Dundee."

O give yee thanks unto the Lord,  
because that good is hee:  
because his loving kindenes lasts  
to perpetuities

So let the Lord's redeem'd say: whom  
hee freed from th' enemies hands:  
and gathred them from East & West,  
from South & Northerne lands

I' th desart in a desart way	Then did they to Jehovah cry
they wandred: no towne finde,	when they were in distresse:
to dwell in. Hungry & thirsty:	who did them set at liberty
their soule within them pinde.	out of their anguishes

In such a way that was most right  
he led them forth also:  
that to a city which they might  
inhabit they might go.

O that men would Jehovah prayse  
for his great goodnes *then*:  
& for his workings wonderfull  
unto the sonnes of men.

**Benediction.**

By Rev. GEORGE A. THAYER.

"AMEN" by the Choir.



*First Parish, Dorchester.*

Afternoon Service, 2.30 P.M.

Music by the Germania Band.

Addresses.

Closing Hymn.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,—  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—  
Land of the noble free,—  
Thy name I love:  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song!  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,—  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

### **Scripture Selection.**

By Rev. CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.

AND in those days the word of the Lord came to his people, saying, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this land. Turn you and take your journey, and go in and possess the land which I sware unto your fathers to give them and to their seed after them. Fear not, neither be discouraged."

And when they departed, they came to a great and terrible wilderness, where the Lord bare them up as a man doth bear his son, and fought for them and established them, and showed unto them his greatness and his mighty hand.

Now, therefore, I call heaven and earth to witness. Did ever people hear the voice of God as they heard it? Ask of the days that are past, since the day that God created man upon the earth, whether there hath been any such thing as this great thing, or hath been heard like it? When hath God assayed to go and take him a nation from the midst of another nation, by signs and by wonders, by a mighty hand and a stretched-out arm, and to lead them through temptations and great terrors, and to drive out nations from before them greater and mightier than they, and to establish them in the land of their inheritance which he sware unto their fathers? Know, therefore, this day, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord, he is God in heaven above and in the earth beneath. There is none else. Thou shalt keep, therefore, his statutes, that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee, that thou mayest prolong thy days in this land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, and that ye may increase mightily in this land that floweth with milk and honey. And this is the commandment which I command you this day,—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words shall be in

thy heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord, and that people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that ledest Joseph like a flock! Thou didst bring a vine out of Egypt; thou didst expel nations and plant it; thou didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land; the hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the tall cedars by its branches; it sent out its boughs to the sea, and its branches to the river.

O Lord of Hosts, look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine. Protect what thy right hand hath planted, the vine that thou madest strong for thyself. Upon thy name alone will we call.

It shall come to pass in the last days that many shall say: Let us go to the hill of the Lord; and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths, and we will sit under our own vine, and none shall molest nor make us afraid.

In that day saith the Lord: I will gather the people and the far-scattered, I will assemble and I will reign over them henceforth, even forever.

And thou, O tower of the flock! O hill of the Lord! from thee shall go forth a law and the word of Jehovah from the midst of thee. And men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

## Sermon.

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### *The Vine Planted in the Wilderness.*

It was planted in a good soil by great waters, that it might bring forth branches, and that it might bear fruit, that it might be a goodly vine.— EZEKIEL xvii., 8.

STILL planted in a good soil by great waters, the vine spreads its branches and bears its ripened fruit. Its root has not dried, its leaf has not withered. We gather to-day under its kindly shelter to recall the faith which planted it, the tears and blood which watered it, and the divine Providence which has given the generous increase.

There are three epochs in the formative history of this church,—its Genesis, its Exodus, and its Planting in the Promised Land. Its genesis was in England, its creative forces were the civil and religious agitations of the seventeenth century; its exodus occurred in the Puritan emigration from England in 1630; it found its Canaan in the wilds of the new continent.

On the 28th of March last, as the Sunday nearest to the original date, the First Church of Dorchester celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its gathering in England, and its departure for America in the ship *Mary and John*. To-day, with newly kindled interest, we celebrate the landing of this little band of Puritans on the shores of New England.

The migrations of history, like those of botany, result in cross-fertilization. The *Mary and John*, as the wind-wafted seed, bore the germ of new fertility, with certain possibilities of variation from the old stock, which time has realized. In the March discourse, I gave you the history of the English plant. To-day, let us trace its seed from germination in this "good soil" until its spreading roots pierce the ground and its branches fill the heavens.

If the interval seem somewhat long between our God-speed to the *Mary and John* last March and this celebration, when we welcome the good ship to the bay, let us remember that it was, with the exception of a few days for final settlement, the time actually occupied in crossing. It is not probable that the *Mary and John*, which, as Milton said of the ark,

— "secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves,"

would be accepted to-day by the descendants of her passengers as a model for either speed or beauty.

The records of that voyage are very brief. Governor Wolcott of Connecticut, son of Henry Wolcott, one of the emigrants, described in a poem a very tempestuous voyage and the almost miraculous power of Mr. Warham in quelling the fears of the terror-stricken passengers. But we turn with more confidence to the homely pages of Roger Clap, who says: "We came by the good hand of the Lord through the deeps comfortably, having preaching or expounding of the Word of God every day for ten weeks together by our ministers." It was the study of that book which had started the Puritan on his voyage. It was that book which was to furnish plan and specification for the new civil and religious system he hoped to build. He was sailing the ocean under two charters: one from Charles I., King of England and Scotland; one from the King of kings.

The proposed destination of the *Mary and John* was the Charles River, which Captain Smith had described in his voyages some years before. In the lack of exact information about the American coast, it is not surprising that, when the *Mary and John* anchored in American waters, Sunday, the 30th of May, after seventy days passage, it was off Nantasket, now called Hull, instead of in the Charles River. Roger Clap's blood boiled with indignation for years, whenever he thought of Captain Squeb's conduct in landing them at that point instead of rectifying his mistake. When Governor Winthrop arrived a short time afterward, his excellent judgment was needed to adjust the dispute.

The failure of the captain to land them at the Charles River did not deter the persistent passengers from following out the original plan. They procured a boat; and ten of them, of whom Roger Clap was one, sailed up as far as the present site of Watertown, where they remained for a few days and built a shelter for their goods. Meanwhile, the rest of the company were not idle. A short exploration of the coast satisfied them that a place called by the Indians "Mattapan," and well fitted to nourish their famished cattle, was the best site for settlement. The scouting party at Watertown was recalled. The passengers' effects were removed from Nantasket to the new place. On Sunday, June 6 (O.S.), just a week from the arrival at Nantasket, they rested from their labors. It is this date, the seventeenth in our present calendar, which marks the settlement of this church and the foundation of the town of Dorchester.

When the great nautical patriarch in that traditional voyage, which lasted much longer than that of the *Mary and John*, finally landed on the welcome top of Ararat, it is said he gratefully built an altar to Jehovah. With similar, and, let us hope, with a more sober piety, your fathers when they

landed reared an altar in the wilderness. That first Sabbath was one of gratitude and praise. The writer of the Book of Deuteronomy, in publishing the Decalogue, gives this reason for the Fourth Commandment, "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence, through a mighty hand and by a stretched-out arm; therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." The early fathers were fond of tracing the parallel between their own experience and that of the children of Israel. *They* had been servants under civil and religious bondage. The Lord had brought *them* out through a mighty hand and by an outstretched arm. As they met together in solemn and devout worship on that first Sabbath in the embowered temple which God had reared for them, they found a new personal reason in the delivering mercies and kindness of the Lord for the grateful day of rest which they reconsecrated to his praise.

Dr. Harris says, from sources not evident to us, that, on this occasion, they sung a portion of the goth Psalm.

The next week the *Arbella* arrived with Governor Winthrop and Deputy-Governor Dudley on board, and bearing the charter on which the colony was to be founded. During the month that followed, various vessels of the Winthrop fleet continued to arrive, and Dorchester was thus brought into neighborhood with other settlements, from which the towns of Charlestown, Boston, Watertown, and Roxbury were subsequently formed.

Such, in a few words, are the essential facts concerning the planting of this church and the settlement of the town.

As we think of the little band, gathered on that Sabbath day two hundred and fifty years ago in the grove-temples of the plain, thanking God for their "place of ease and rest," and for his refreshing mercy, let us pause a moment, and

strive to realize, if we can, what two hundred and fifty years mean. It is not easy in numbers to convey to the mind any adequate idea of duration. We subtract 1630 from 1880,—we have a numerical remainder which is only a symbol of the actual lapse. It is through the course of events,—through the tide-marks and registries of history, that we more truly measure the passage of time. In our interest in the special and local annals of this church and town to-day, we must not overlook the larger aspects of history with which it is connected, and which give it dignity and value. The picture of that little company of settlers on the Dorchester shore is part of a great historic landscape, which stretches across the ocean and over two continents; and which furnishes a contemporaneous background of life and events against which your fathers stand out prominently before us.

The political and religious condition of England I have treated in my previous discourse. Let me simply remind you that at the time your fathers lifted up that Sabbath hymn to God in 1630, Queen Elizabeth, under whose reign the Puritan agitation became a distinctive movement, had been dead but twenty-seven years. At the accession of James, during the same year, the crowns of England and Scotland had been united. Charles I., his successor, had been on the throne five years. These five years had been marked by growing encroachments on the civil and religious privileges of the English people. The outraged spirit of that people had protested, four years before the Dorchester landing, in the impeachment of Buckingham. It was two years since he had died by assassination; two years since the famous "Petition of right" had been presented to Charles and passed. Laud, Bishop of London, was tightening his clutch upon the Puritan throat—a grasp which fifteen years later, when the Puritan hand freed itself, was to cost him his head. Strafford was devising new instruments



of civil oppression which were to react with similar deadly effect. Oliver Cromwell was then thirty-one years of age and had been two years in Parliament. Six years after the landing, John Hampden uttered his bold protest against the imposition of ship money; and twelve years after, the flame of civil war was to break out in England from the same causes which sent the colonists to America.

Disordered France, under the administration of Richelieu, was reviving its financial and political strength. Peace between France and England had been declared a year before. But the great conflict known in history as the Thirty Years' War had been raging on the continent for twelve years, in which Protestantism and Catholicism were trying issues at the point of the sword. The very month in which your fathers landed here, Gustavus Adolphus was entering Germany on a career of victory, which, though it terminated two years later on the field of Lützen, Protestant Germany still remembers with gratitude. The same Richelieu who had crushed the political power of Protestantism in France was aiding the Protestants of Germany against the power of Austria.

The glory of Spain, a nation which had stood in the front rank of European powers and exercised despotic sway, was rapidly declining. England had defeated its Armada and humbled the pride of Cadiz. The Netherlands had thrown off the Spanish yoke and was growing into the dignity of the Dutch Republic, whose rise and fortunes have been so brilliantly portrayed by a native of this town, John Lothrop Motley. Unfortunate Italy, which for so many years had been the theatre of internal and foreign dissensions, was now enjoying a period of comparative peace. Bloodshed, oppression, and civil disquietude had not prevented a luxuriant development in the arts and sciences. The genial inspiration of its lovely skies had been felt through all the

tempests of its wars. The Turkish crescent like its Spanish rival had begun to wane. Its military power had suffered an eclipse. In the battle of Lepanto, it had lost its claim to naval eminence. The event we celebrate to-day was sixty years before Peter the Great was to mount the throne of Russia and transform it from a disorganized barbarian territory to a mighty empire, ranking among the first powers of Europe.

Turn to the Western Hemisphere. The date of the Dorchester landing was more than a century after Spain had made her discoveries and settlements in the middle zone of the continent. It was one hundred and ten years after Cortez had conquered Mexico; almost a hundred years after Pizarro and Almagro had conquered Chili and Peru. Ninety years before, Orellana had sailed down the Amazon from the Andes to the ocean. Even while the Puritans were struggling with Elizabeth, the French Protestants were vainly trying to establish colonies in Brazil. Horrible massacres had attended the rival efforts of France and Spain to settle in Florida. Although Spain had so early secured her foothold in this hemisphere, it was not till 1607 that the English made at Jamestown, Virginia, their first settlement in America. After notable failures at Montreal in the previous century, the French had succeeded in settling Canada at Quebec in 1608, the year after England settled Virginia. The Dutch had established trading posts on the Hudson River at New York as early as 1613, with a controlling governor in 1624. But it was not until 1629 that a regular settlement was made in New York, under colonial grants.

Ten years before the arrival in Dorchester, the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* had landed on Plymouth Rock. It is the pride of Plymouth and Dorchester, and an honor which I believe they alone enjoy, that their respective church organizations were both formed on the other side of the Atlan-

tic, and came as such to America. It is a more melancholy and a somewhat remarkable fact, that the very year the *Mayflower* landed the Pilgrims at Plymouth, praising God for the new freedom they had found, another ship sailed up the James River bearing the first cargo of slaves, who landed on the shores of Virginia, only to find themselves doomed to life-long bondage. Beside the familiar picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims, with all its heroic inspirations, we must place Turner's lurid picture of the Slave Ship. Two hundred and forty years later, the principles which those two ships represented were to come into violent collision. The monument which stands on yonder green reminds us of the blood which the children of the Puritans shed as an ultimate moral and political consequence of that early mistake.

Attempts to settle at Wessagusset, or Weymouth, in 1622, and at Mt. Wollaston in 1624, had ended in failure. The attempt at Cape Ann resulted finally, through another expedition, in the settlement of Salem in 1628.

Such in brief are the outlines of the near and remote relations which our fathers sustained when they made in Dorchester the second permanent settlement of the Massachusetts Colony. For more than one hundred years, exploring ships had parted the waters of American bays and rivers. The fringe of coast from Quebec to Florida had been dotted here and there with transient or permanent settlements; but the vast interior of the North American continent was an unexplored wilderness from Upham's Corner to the Pacific Coast.

But the political and geographical relations of that time furnish only the external frame of history. It is rather to the men and women, the social organization, the manners and customs, the science, art, and literature of an age, that we must look to find that living, pulsating reality by which

we measure it with our own. Such a complete and detailed picture I cannot give; yet a few outlines, though as uncolored as a coast-survey map, may help us to realize what two hundred and fifty years mean.

When your fathers sung that first hymn of praise in Dorchester, William Shakspeare had been dead but fourteen years. The first folio edition of his works had been issued seven years, of which Bayne says that, "next to the production of the works themselves, this was the most important thing done or likely to be done in the literary history of the world." The brilliant author of *Don Quixote* had been dead an equal length of time. John Bunyan, whose fame has hardly been less wide than Shakspeare's, was an infant of two years. Pascal was seven years old; La Fontaine, nine; Bossuet, but three. Tillotson and Barrow, those two great preachers of the English Church, were born that very year. Dryden, who was to sing first for Puritanism and then for Popery, was born a year later. Butler, who satirized the Puritans in his *Hudibras*; Jeremy Taylor, the Shakspeare of the pulpit, whose *Holy Living and Dying* are still incentives to healthful piety; Cudworth, that giant of *a priori* philosophy; La Rochefoucauld; and Richard Baxter, the saint and preacher, were all in their teens. Cowley and Molière had not reached them. The author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," and Spinoza, the "God-intoxicated" man, whose philosophy, modifying that of Locke, is still powerfully felt in the world of thought, were born two years after the Dorchester settlement; Boileau, six years, and Racine nine years after. The greatest genius of English epic poetry was just dawning on the world. John Milton, himself an advocate of Puritan principles and Puritan liberty, was then twenty-two years of age. But his *Paradise Lost* was not published until after your fathers had lived in Dorchester thirty-seven years. Thomas Fuller, the

church historian; Lord Clarendon, author of the *History of the Rebellion*, were both of Milton's age. Hobbes and Descartes, Grotius, Lord Herbert, Izaak Walton, Massinger, Selden, Archbishop Usher, Guido, and Van Dyck were all in the prime of life. Ben Jonson was still living; and, strange as it may seem, after the publication of his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, so was Robert Burton. Lord Bacon had been dead but four years; his *Advancement of Learning* had been published in 1605, his *Novum Organum*, in 1620. The present version of the English Bible was made but nineteen years before this church was formed.

Though four vessels had circumnavigated the globe before the *Mary and John* sailed to America, yet mankind had not learned that the earth itself is rushing through space with an inconceivable velocity. Though Copernicus' had been dead eighty-seven years, it is not probable that one of your fathers, as he looked skyward on that Sabbath day, supposed for a moment that the earth was moving around the sun, instead of the sun around the earth. For it was three years after the landing that Galileo was condemned by the Inquisition for declaring views which are as universal to-day as they were exceptional then. But a score of years had passed since he first turned his Dutch telescope towards the sky and brought the existence of thousands of till then unseen worlds to the knowledge of mankind. What a vast revelation, a new chapter in the oldest Genesis, was unveiled to humanity through that little tube!

Roger Clap may have been very well instructed on the fall of Adam, but he could not have told us why, when the twig breaks, the apple falls to the ground instead of falling into the tree; for Newton was yet unborn, and the great law of that still unravelled mystery of gravitation was then unknown. Harvey, in 1616, and Servetus before him, had discovered the circulation of the blood; but it is not likely

that it had then become a matter of popular knowledge. The weather prophet of to-day would have found it hard to trace the storm centre, for the barometer was unknown, and the pressure of the atmosphere had not been demonstrated. If your ancestors did not record the temperature every morning, noon, and night, with the fidelity of some of their descendants, deal kindly with their pardonable negligence: the blood in their veins was the only household thermometer. Clocks of various kinds had been used for some time, but pendulums had not yet begun to swing. The fact that fingers were invented before forks would have been quite evident, had we sat at the scanty board of the first settlers. The tea-kettle and the coffee-pot were not yet introduced, or were used for less suicidal purposes. The argument, which I fain would make, that they were well enough off without these beverages, is modified somewhat by the fact that they did not hesitate to use others which were much stronger. The immense energy of vapor which the tea-kettle was afterwards to reveal, and the marvellous speed and docility of the lightning were unsuspected in their most extravagant dreams. The jessamine, the tube-rose, the tulip, the carnation, and many other garden flowers, as well as vegetables and fruits, had not yet been introduced into England. And it would have seemed perhaps as extravagant to Roger Clap as it seems to us, that four or five years after that landing, during the intense seriousness, the darkness, and bitterness of that religious and civil strife, England should have gone crazy with the great tulip mania raging on the continent, where houses and lands, horses and carriages, as well as immense sums of money were given for a single bulb.

The only thing which, by a wide stretch of definition, could be called a periodical newspaper had appeared in England eight years before. Under its modern interpretation, a newspaper was unknown. Intelligence found its way slowly

through other channels. The open page of the Bible lay before your fathers that first Sunday; but the chapter of the creative record written on the stones beneath their feet was yet unread. They had seen the rainbow in the sky, but knew not how it was painted. They did not suspect what stories of far-off worlds the rainbow in the chemist's laboratory would one day reveal. The "new chemistry" was a futurity. Political economy had not taken the rank of a science.

There was good reason why they chose a psalm on that landing-day: it suited well their feelings. But, excepting the Psalms in the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the version of Ainsworth, there were few English hymns to sing. For Watts, Doddridge, the Wesleys, Cowper, and all the great English hymn-writers who have since fed the heart of the Church with their songs were yet unborn. Nevertheless, we must admit that we can sing many of the psalms written by Hopkins three hundred years ago with a fuller sympathy than some of the hymns that have been written since his day. As for music, I can count in the version of Sternhold and Hopkins but forty-three tunes to which the one hundred and fifty psalms were sung. A few additional tunes, such as *Dundee*, *Winsor*, *Cambridge*, and others, were in use; there was much available and undesired ballad-music; but they could not recruit their simple stock of melodies from the great fountains of musical inspiration from which we drink to-day. The grand choruses of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* were yet unwritten,—choruses which would have suited so well their sentiment of praise to Him who, when they "sighed by reason of their bondage, and their cry came up unto God, . . . led them forth through the deep as through the wilderness." The simple, bright, graceful movements of Hayden; the rich, melodic, sunny phrases of Mozart's illumined genius; the sublime symphonies of Beethoven; the soul-stirring oratorios of Mendelssohn — had not broken

upon the ear. The golden age of art had passed,— we will not say never to return,— but the golden age of music, philosophy, science, and invention had not yet come.

But if that period, a quarter of a thousand years ago, had not all the brightness and grandeur of to-day, it had a glory all its own. It was the heir and executor of treasures of beauty, grace, and grandeur wrought with brush and chisel, pen and trowel, which we must still cherish and admire. The one bright particular star of English dramatic literature, which had then risen, has suffered no eclipse, but shines brighter and brighter through the lapse of ages. The yet undimmed light of the Puritan poet reminds us how one star may differ from another in glory. Nor can the dazzling achievements of two hundred and fifty successive years disparage the lion-hearted courage, the sacrificial heroism, the unyielding adherence to principle, the tenacious defence of civil liberty, the sublime spectacle of moral and religious character which that age afforded, and which above all things else on this day we must honor. It was that spirit which spread its ægis over Old England, and laid, with plummet and square, the foundations of the New.

But I fear that, while we have left our fathers at their Sabbath service, we have taken more than a lawful Sabbath day's journey in this rapid sketch of their historic environment. Bear in mind, however, that the event we celebrate to-day is worthy of a conspicuous place in any such review; for we commemorate, not merely the settlement of this church and town, but one of the most important events that ever took place upon this planet,—the founding of New England. It was not until after your fathers landed that Massachusetts had a name and a government reared on the principles which they and their companion settlers had brought with them. Plymouth and Salem furnished the first stones; but the Winthrop fleet of 1630 brought over another



cargo from the same quarry, with the tools and cement by which the foundation was to be completed and the superstructure raised.

II. I have described the planting of the church and town; we have taken a bird's-eye view of the surrounding landscape of the times. Let me now invite your attention to some of the epochs in the subsequent growth and branching of that newly planted exotic. Its seed, to use a botanical term, was dicotyledonous,—it had two lobes, or leaves, when it began to germinate. One of these was civil, and the other religious. Both drew their nourishment from a common root. The history of the civil branch, as seen in the town of Dorchester, has been written many times, and in various forms. It is familiar to you in the publications of your Antiquarian Society. It was presented by one of Dorchester's honored sons twenty-five years ago, in a masterly oration whose elegance and power are still remembered, and still revealed in the printed page. It was the subject of a comprehensive sermon by Rev. Dr. Means. It is to be rewritten in a condensed form for the *Memorial History of Boston*. I shall therefore attempt no separate sketch this morning of the civil history of the town, but invite your attention to some phases of its religious history as revealed in the annals of this church and parish.

I. For one hundred and seventy-six years the First Church of Dorchester was the only church in the town; and town and parish were united by a vital ligament which permitted a free intermingling of the civil and religious life. The key to the early history of Massachusetts, either in its religious or civil aspects, is only found when we remember one of the great aims which its settlers proposed to themselves. That aim I have previously stated to be to found a "civil and ecclesiastical government modelled, constructed, and adminis-

tered on the Bible as the common source of all divine knowledge and authority." The church in such a system was not an appendage or an accident; it was the central necessity of the whole organization. How completely the church held the key to political power is seen from the fact that no one was admitted to be a freeman unless he were a member of the church; while, to guard the great power thus given to the churches, it was also ordered in the first years of government that no church should be formed without the presence of the governor, magistrates, and messengers from the other churches. The town voted jointly with the church to call ministers, and contributed to their support.

It will be remembered that when your fathers left England they still acknowledged fealty to the Established Church. But, in adopting the more ancient congregational form of church government, they had taken an important step towards severing it. Before they left England, the Puritans had but little toleration for the Separatists, and considered the name only a reproach. But as soon as they landed on the new continent, and breathed the exhilaration of its freedom, they became Separatists themselves. There is abundant evidence that they never ceased to love England; but not a vestige of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the English king or bishops could be found when they reared their churches in the wilderness.

As this church had completed its organization before starting from Plymouth, England, it was not necessary to renew it on this side. It would be interesting to know whether it had a written covenant, and what it was. But if it had such an instrument, it has not been preserved to us. Congregational polity has been a matter of some growth and development; but its earliest and most distinctive features have remained the same unto the present day. These features are too familiar to you to need special exposition, as seen in

the history of this church. Although it was not needful to reorganize the church on its landing in Dorchester, it became necessary to do so six years after. This arose from the migration to Windsor, Conn., in 1636, of the greater part of the original members (who had been re-enforced by a second ship-load in 1633), and the arrival of fresh emigrants with Richard Mather, who was called to the vacant pulpit immediately after the death of the senior pastor, Mr. Maverick. The covenant formed in 1636, which begins the church records that are still preserved to us, is quite verbose, and far inferior in simplicity and spirit to the one adopted by the First Church of Salem in 1629. But it remained the covenant of the church until 1842.

The question of baptism, and the relation to the church of the children who received it, was a subject of much discussion. All children of members were looked upon as members also, though not admitted to the Lord's Supper. There were no Sunday-schools in those days, but great care was taken of those who were the offspring of the church. It was made the work of the elders and pastors by an order of the council, ratified by the separate action of the church, to catechize the younger people, to "enquire after their profiting by the public means." This was done not only in public, but from house to house, and all children were included in it. Severe strictness in regard to the admission of members was confined only to moral, religious, and theological soundness. The history of this church is not sullied by any discrimination against color or race. It was thought no strange thing that "sundry negroes" should be baptized, and that they should lay hold on the covenant. The name of Dorcas, a slave, appears on the earliest pages of the records in 1653, and the church voted a sum sufficient for her redemption. There is an interesting notice of a meeting in Roxbury in 1659, at which this church and others were

represented, and where the "Indians made a relation of the work of God upon their souls," to the great joy of their hearers — especially, I suppose, after Apostle Eliot had translated it into English.

2. The discipline of the church in the early days was prompt, vigilant, judicial, and carried with it a strong public authority. It took cognizance of offences which are to-day more wisely referred to other tribunals.

In 1666, Mrs. Clark, the wife of Captain Thomas Clark, of Boston, was summoned before the church for "her reproachful and slanderous tongue against the honored governor, Richard Bellingham, and other lying aspersions against the General Court." But she, "manifesting no repentance for her sin of an ungoverned tongue," — not altogether an uncommon one, — was first admonished and afterwards excommunicated and cast out of the church.

John Merrifield, who seems not to have been inaptly named, was called before the church to answer for drunkenness in 1667, and "for contempt and slighting the power of the church in not appearing formerly, though often called and sent unto." Mr. Merrifield made excuse for his drunkenness, in that, "not being well at Boston, he took a little strong water; and coming out in the air did distemper him. . . . For the other offence, he did acknowledge his fault." Consider Atherton, rather *inconsiderate* in the use of his appetite, was also admonished in 1688. It is noticeable that neither of these persons became intoxicated in Dorchester, but in Boston and Roxbury.

When, in 1682, Joseph Leeds was called up before the church for throwing his wife out of the door, he would have denied it if two witnesses had not been present who said that he had confessed it. But his answer was that "Either they did mistake him, or he did mistake himself." We can readily imagine that, as the record says, "many were dissat-

ified." However, Joseph was called up again ; and this time gave more satisfaction by his acknowledgment and by his promise to "carry it more loving to her for time to come."

About the same time, the case of Jonathan Blackman was considered, who was expected to make confession of his sin in stealing horses and lying. But the men who are bold enough to steal horses are too modest usually to confess it. The expectation was disappointed. Having already been horse-whipped at the hands of the law, Mr. Blackman refused to come before the church. He was rejected and disowned and excommunicated, though "not delivered up to Satan as those in full communion, but yet to be looked at as a heathen and publican ; and familiar society with him forbidden unto his relations, natural and civil, that he may be ashamed." Mr. Blackman assisted the church in carrying out his exclusion from society by running away himself.

From these illustrations, it seems that full communicants suffered more under excommunication than those who were not, if we are to understand that to be "delivered up to Satan" is any worse punishment than to become a "heathen and publican." It is a little difficult to-day to define the exact difference between these punishments ; it would be still harder to execute them.

3. Passing from the organization and discipline of the church to its leaders, we are struck by the fact that, including Warham and Maverick, who served together, and excluding two colleagues, who assisted Richard Mather for a time, but both of whom were out-served by him, the whole period of two hundred and fifty years is covered by ten ministers. But, taking the time from the settlement of Richard Mather, in 1636, at the reorganization of the church to the settlement of your present pastor in 1876,—a period of two hundred and forty years,—we find that it is covered by seven successive pastors, with an average pastorate of thirty-four years

each. The longest settlement was that of Rev. Mr. Danforth, forty-eight years ; the shortest that of Mr. Flint, nine years. The longest gap between any of the settlements has been twenty-one months.

Maverick and Warham, the first ministers, were chosen together at the meeting in Plymouth, England, in 1630, and sailed with the church in the *Mary and John*,—

—“worthy pastors,  
The shepherds of that wandering flock  
That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has a vessel for its fold.”

But little is known of Mr. Maverick. Governor Winthrop says : “ He was a man of very humble spirit, faithful in furthering the work of the Lord here, both in church and civil state.” Mr. Warham, Mr. Maverick’s junior associate, had been like him an ordained minister of the English Church. He was an able man, and is said to have introduced the practice of preaching with notes in New England. He had independent views about church constitution. He removed with the part of the church that went to Windsor, and remained there as pastor for thirty-four years.

Richard Mather, who was called to the reorganized church in 1636, and accepted about two months after the death of Maverick, was born in Lancashire, England, in 1596. He was graduated at Oxford, and preached for sixteen years in the English Church, until suspended for non-conformity in 1634. He fled from England in disguise and sailed for America in 1635, which he reached with his companions through the perils of a terrible hurricane. After his settlement in Dorchester, he took a conspicuous position in all the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the colony. He furnished the model for the Cambridge platform, which has had a lasting influence upon Massachusetts church polity. Mr. Mather wrote many essays and discourses which had direct relation

to the questions of his time, and assisted in the compilation of the *Bay Psalm Book*.

A copy of his "Farewell Exhortation to the Church and People of Dorchester" was placed in each of the families of the church. Only two or three copies are now known to exist. One of them is in the Public Library.

Mr. Mather died on April 6, 1669, in the seventy-third year of his age, after a pastorate of thirty-three years. The family name was perpetuated and honored in his son, Increase Mather, and grandson, Cotton Mather, and others.

In accordance with the early practice of having two ministers, or a pastor and teacher, an invitation was extended to Rev. Jonathan Burr to assist Mr. Mather in the early part of his ministry. The invitation was accepted. After considerable discussion and the calling of a council, owing to some supposed laxity in Mr. Burr's views, he was finally settled. He is described by Gov. Winthrop as "a minister of very good repute in England for his piety and learning." He died in 1641, two years after settlement. Rev. John Wilson, Jr., was ordained in 1849 as Mr. Mather's colleague. But after two years he removed to Medfield, where he remained for forty years.

During the latter part of Mr. Mather's pastorate, Mr. William Stoughton, though a layman, rendered efficient service by frequently ministering in his stead. At Mr. Mather's death, the earnest and repeated efforts of the church to secure him as their pastor failed of success. Six strenuous invitations were courteously but firmly declined. Although profoundly interested in this church, he really belonged to the whole colony. His eminent abilities were widely recognized, and he was called to serve the colonies as agent to England, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, Lieut.-Governor, and Commander-in-Chief.

Concerning Rev. Josiah Flint, who was installed as Mr.

Mather's successor, about a year and a half after his death, we know that he was a man of feeble health, but of persevering zeal, who died, after a ministry of nine years, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. From the records we learn that his salary was £60 in money and £40 in "country pay."

Rev. John Danforth, the next in the ministerial line, sustained its reputation for learning and piety during a pastorate of forty-eight years. We are told by James Blake, the Dorchester annalist, that he was "exceedingly charitable and of a very peaceful temper."

The ministry of Jonathan Bowman, forty-three years long, and characterized by faithfulness and "inflexible integrity," was marred towards its close by a bitter controversy which grew out of the trespasses of one of the pastor's hens. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" A council of churches was necessary to extinguish the angry flames of dissension which this wayward hen ignited. One of the charges made against Mr. Bowman was that his discourses were not more than fifteen or eighteen minutes long. Thus the pulpit vices of one age become the virtues of another.

Rev. Moses Everett, a native of Dedham, was ordained in 1774. After serving for eighteen years with great acceptance, failing health induced him to relinquish a position which, in the language of a contemporary, he was "too feeble to fulfil and too conscientious to neglect." After leaving the pulpit, he served in the Legislature for a year, and was special justice of the Court of Common Pleas. It was his nephew, Edward Everett, a native of Dorchester, who twenty-five years ago gave such lustre to the day.

With the ordination of Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris in 1793, the ministerial succession is brought within the memory of many now living. In the whole line of ministers, no one stands out so prominently for varied scholarship, liter-



ary industry, and multifarious occupation, as Dr. Harris. A graduate of Harvard College, for a short time its librarian, he was called to Dorchester when twenty-five years of age, and remained pastor of this church for forty-three years. He was widely known outside of his parish for his eminent qualities as a historian, and the fluent and versatile productions of his pen. But he wrote not merely for the public. He succeeded in writing so deeply upon the hearts of his people, that vivid and grateful impressions both of the man and of his work still abide. He was a fountain of tender and poetic sensibility, of keen wit and genial nature.

On the 16th of July, 1835, Rev. Nathaniel Hall was ordained as colleague of Dr. Harris, who was dismissed at his own request in 1836, and died in 1842. Of the long ministry of forty years, the pure, saintly life, and the pastoral and pulpit fidelity by which it was marked, is there need that I should speak to-day? It is you that bear witness to me, not I to you. The benign, abiding influence of that life is safely embalmed in your hearts. One who knew him well, who helped to usher him into the ministry, who watched its long and faithful course, and lived to see its triumphant close, has said that "fervent piety must be regarded as the forming element of his character, the inspiration of his life-work, the prime factor of his usefulness."

If the long pastorates of its ministers show that they were faithful unto the church, they also show that the church was faithful unto its ministers. Steadfastness, love, charity, and toleration have always marked the attitude of this church toward its pastors. The same steadfastness and fidelity is seen in the service of its elders and deacons. Henry Withington, appointed a ruling elder on the reorganization of the church in 1636, served for thirty years. Deacon Edward Clap was one of the first deacons, and the first church officer to be removed by death, which did not occur until

after twenty-six years of service. Abijah White served forty-eight years; Samuel Topliff, forty-five; Edward Pierce, forty-one; James Humphreys, forty-six; Henry Humphreys, one of the present deacons, has served forty-seven years. I find the names of eight ruling elders and twenty-five deacons on the church records. There were always two and sometimes three deacons serving at a time. Some of the deacons also acted in the capacity of ruling elder, an office which was finally abolished. The present Deacon Ebenezer Clap is the eighth of that name, all covering long periods of office. Deacon Henry Humphreys is the third of that name. The Clap family came into the deaconship as early as 1638; the Humphreys in 1666.

4. The worship of this church has been conducted for two hundred and fifty years with the simplicity of form peculiar to the Congregational body. The Bible and the hymn-book have furnished its only ritual. It is a matter of general knowledge that the Bible, without exposition, was not originally read as a part of the service in the oldest churches. The first hymn-book used by this church was undoubtedly Sternhold and Hopkins' *Version of the Psalms*, which was used in the Church of England, and from which the 90th Psalm, said to have been sung on the landing, is taken. But the Puritan colonists soon determined to have a version of their own, which should be distinguished by a closer adherence to Scripture. This version was made, in 1639, by Mr. Mather of this church, Mr. Weld and Mr. Eliot of Roxbury. Whatever defects the English version may have had, it was far superior to the uncouth jargon of the *Bay Psalm Book*. In their desire to preserve the Hebrew, the poetical triumvirate subjected the English to the most frightful tortures. The work serves to show us what wretched poets Puritans of learning and piety could be. This book, which was the first of any kind printed in the colonies, was introduced here im-

mediately after its publication in 1640, and was used for more than a hundred years, though it is probable that the later edition, much modified by President Dunster, of Harvard, and others, was substituted in 1680. The 107th Psalm, which was very dear to the New England Puritans, and which we shall sing at the close of the services this morning, has been taken from the first edition as made by the Dorchester and Roxbury ministers. This gives a little idea of its rugged versification ; but it is more evident in some of the imprecatory Psalms, where the fate of the wicked is thus described :—

“ A pit he digged hath  
and delved deepe the same  
but fall'n he is into the ditch  
that he himselfe did frame.

“ His mischeivous labor  
shall on his head turne downe  
and his injurious violence  
shall fall upon his crowne.”

The first edition contains only Psalms ; but that of 1680 is enriched, if that be the proper word, by versions of “ Lamentations,” “ Solomon’s Song,” the “ Song of the Virgin,” the “ Prayer of Jonah to the Lord his God, out of the Fishe’s Belly,” and songs from the prophets,— all set to rough-shod rhymes. But the sentiment of many of these verses would surprise us to-day much more than the rhymes. Imagine the bright-eyed daughters of Roger Clap gravely singing in meeting such lines as these :—

“ My love is white and ruddy, chief  
amongst ten thousand he.  
His head is gold most fine, his locks  
Curl'd, black, as ravens be.  
His eyes as doves by water-streams,  
with milk washt, set full meet.  
His cheeks are as a bed of spice,  
As flowers of odours sweet.”

And the following would be considered even less devotional :—

“ As they about the City went,  
the watchman found out me ;  
To whom I said, Him whom my soul  
doth love, O did you see ?  
It was but as a little space  
that I from them had past,  
But whom my soul did love, I found,  
and then I held him fast.”

And yet, on turning to the preface, we learn that these holy poems were translated with “special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of Sacred Writ and the sweetness of the verse.”

The *Bay Psalm Book* was succeeded by Dr. Watts' version, introduced in 1793, and Dr. Belknap's collection in 1801.

We are reminded how long the connection between church and town was maintained, from the fact that this book, though adopted by the church, had to be laid before the town for its approval, before it could be introduced. Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood's collection was afterwards adopted, followed by that now in use.

About the time the American Revolution was in progress, another and protracted revolution was going on in the church in the method of singing. The custom of singing by “lining out” was not introduced until after your fathers had been in this country a number of years. But once established, it continued for more than a century. It took as many years of agitation to become released from this practice as to establish the independence of the American Colonies. It was dropped in the congregation in 1781, but continued at the communion service until 1793. The same meeting which voted to discontinue it, voted also to have “the bass viol used in singing, if the town agrees to it.”

John Pierce, born in 1668, is the first of the precentors whose name is preserved. The apostolic succession seems to have been respected in this office, also. His son and grandson succeeded him; and by these three leaders the music was conducted for about one hundred years. With the blessed advent of singing-schools and choirs, the precentor disappeared. The objection of exclusiveness did not apply to choirs of those days, which were large enough to include a considerable portion of the congregation. Deacon Clap mentions that the first choir he sung in had seventy members, besides the orchestra. After the introduction of the bass viol, the clarionet, the bassoon, the double bass, and the flute gradually insinuated themselves into the confidence of your fathers. The church retained its orchestra until 1841, six years after the beginning of Mr. Hall's ministry. An organ was then introduced, and used until 1855, when it was replaced by the present one.

5. But there was another element of worship in which your fathers found strength, comfort, inspiration, and delight. That element was prayer. It was truly the Puritan's "vital breath," the Puritan's "native air." It had an immense influence upon Puritan character and history. In the oldest and greatest of epics, the sound of prayer ever mingles with the sound of battle. The gods are ever near to men to hold and to restrain. The warrior does not grasp his spear, or lift his sword to strike, without raising a prayer to the god who holds the lot of victory. The Puritans were anything but Greeks, in an esthetic or religious sense; but they had, with a monotheistic conception, the same overpowering sense of the sovereignty of God, his direct intervention in all human affairs, and the power of prayer to reach and influence his will. It is an interesting fact that it was reserved for a Puritan to give us the greatest English epic, which

found a lofty model in the Greek, and whose purpose was to

— “assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.”

The annals of this church are filled with records of special days of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, or days of thanksgiving and praise. They were not seasons of worship, but days of supplication—to pray that God’s wrath might be averted, that some existing ill might be removed, or some new undertaking prospered. Nothing seemed too great, nothing too trivial, too near, or too remote to be brought to the throne of the great Arbiter of human destiny. The church, their country, their rulers, the Indians, the drought; “the languishing state of the Protestant interest,” or “the languishing state of the college”; the cold and barrenness of the spring; the abounding of sin and wickedness in the colonies; “the sad face of things in regard of the rising generation”; the destructive presence of the small-pox, the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm, were all made the subject of earnest, numerous, and, we may be sure, long-continued prayers.

Most of these days of fasting and prayer were appointed by the governor and council; many were privately appointed by the church itself, for kindred purposes. They furnish in themselves a diary of the most prominent events of the time, and are full of interesting historical allusions. Most conspicuous are those which reveal their anxious interest in their native land, from which they had parted “with much sadness of heart, and many tears in their eyes.” The promise they made as they sailed from England, that their heads and hearts should be as fountains of tears for the everlasting welfare of their brethren there, was fully redeemed. In their “poor cottages in the wilderness” they were truly “overshadowed with the spirit of supplication.”

At the top of an otherwise blank page of one of the

oldest volumes of the records, there is a single, laconic entry which speaks volumes of history. It is dated the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, 1642:—

*“Intelligence came from ould England that there had been a battell Fought between the Kinge and the p'lement.”*

The storm of war, which they had breathlessly watched gathering over Old England, had finally burst. The engagement referred to was the battle of Edgehill, the first of the war, which was fought on Sunday, Oct. 23, 1642. From fifteen hundred to two thousand men fell on each side; and both armies claimed the victory. Who can tell the excitement, the anxiety, the heart-beatings, the mingled hope and fear which these few words conceal! You who remember the dark hours of nineteen years ago, when the guns of Sumter flashed, and the first angry thunder-peal of war rolled over the land; you who remember when the gathered armies met for the first time, and stained the field with blood, can picture that wave of excitement which swept over the little colony when the slow ships of that day brought this startling news of civil war. Tears for the dead, thoughts for the living, earnest, heart-yearning supplications to the God of battles, are all unconsciously written in that brief but eloquent record.

As we follow the course of history in England, we can imagine the echo of prayer that went up from this town, a year later, to the dying words of John Hampden: “O Lord, save my country!” the flush of joy on hearing of the league with Scotland by the Parliament; the chastened gladness with which they learned of the defeat of Charles at Marston Moor and Newberry, and the battle of Naseby, which practically ended the first civil war. The death of Charles I. is passed over in silence by these annals; but, when Oliver Cromwell dies, and Richard Cromwell soon after retires from

the protectorate, the cloud of gloom moves across the ocean ; and Richard Mather proposes to the church a "day of humiliation on behalf of our native country, they being at this time in such an unsettled way of government, being without protector, and without parliament, only the power remaining in the army, and they also being divided." When Charles II. comes to the throne, prayers are offered from these shores, not only for the mother-land, but that the endangered liberties of New England may not be taken away, for Episcopacy is re-established ; persecution is revived in England ; Henry Vane, who had been Governor of the Colony, is executed ; the famous Conventicle Act of 1664, and the Five Mile Act of 1665 are passed, and Puritan hopes are low again.

Few of these political events are journalized in the old records, but enough is revealed, when compared with the history of the times, to show the changing state of Puritan feeling. There is a faint hope of relief when James II. ascends the throne, which was fanned awhile by the duplicity of the king ; but the hope is disappointed, to be renewed with enthusiastic gladness when William and Mary are called to reign ; and the prayer goes up from the Dorchester meeting-house that God would "bless the new king and queen and nobles."

With these days of humiliation, there were days of thanksgiving and praise for the blessing of God upon New England ; for the kindly fruits of the earth ; for the abolition of the Test Act, under James II. ; for the "good success of our good King William over our enemies, the French" ; for the "king's preservation from assassination" ; and, later, for the victories of Marlborough.

In the great crises in England, some of the people of Dorchester, of whom Israel Stoughton was one of the most distinguished, returned to their native land, and mingled in the conflict for civil and religious liberty. But it was not to be



the fortune of the colonists who remained here to glean the fruits of liberty without paying their full share of the price. They had first to fight a battle with famine, which Roger Clap has vividly described ; battles with cold, hardship, pestilence ; battles with the Indians. But the great battle for civil liberty was postponed, only to be fought by their posterity more than a century later. Marston Moor, Naseby, and the Revolution of 1688, decided the liberties of England ; they did not decide them for America. From the belfry of our meeting-house we see the tall shaft on Bunker Hill. Bells and banners, guns and music, remind us this morning that, just one hundred and forty-five years after your fathers sung the pious hymn of freedom on the shores of Dorchester, the rifle-pits of Bunker Hill sent back the echo of posterity. Nine months later, the frowning cannon on Dorchester Heights won a bloodless victory. Their silent, ominous mandate drove the British from Boston.

6. Yes, your fathers were men of prayer. But they were also men of deeds. If the old records abound in evidence of their devotion, they also furnish ample proof of their generosity and good works. It was a common thing to end a day of thanksgiving or fasting with a collection for the poor. Their charity did not end at home. They showed their abiding love for the mother-land by taking, in 1666, a collection for "poor, distressed Christians in England." The amount raised—£40 13s. 9d.—was a considerable sum for those days. There were collections also for the distressed people of Cape Fear ; for the meeting-house at Rehoboth ; for Harvard College ; many collections at different times for the redemption of captives taken by the Indians ; for a certain Mr. Emerson, of Concord, "being low in his estate" ; for Goody Litchfield and Mitchell of Malden ; for Mr. Swan, and others, at Roxbury, who in 1681 had their houses burned ; for George Bowen of Roxbury, and for others, who were taken captive

by the Turks ; for the propagation of the gospel, and also for its maintenance in Dorchester.

7. Concerning the external history of this parish, I must omit all details. The first meeting-house, as you know, was a ship ; its parish domain, from one shore of the Atlantic to the other. Its second meeting-house was God's temple of grove and sky. But in the autumn of 1631, a rude house of worship was built. Here the settlers not only offered their prayers, but kept their powder dry. It was while engaged in this delicate operation that Mr. Maverick, one of the pastors, came near blowing up the meeting-house. His clothes were singed, and the meeting-house blackened ; but, notwithstanding this ordeal of fire, the little church stood for fifteen years. Another was built in the same place, on or near the corner of Cottage and Pleasant Streets, but removed in 1670 to Meeting-house Hill. This has remained the site of the church for two hundred and ten years. Another square-built house with central tower, much like the " Old Ship " of Hingham, was erected in 1677. It cost £200. The fourth house was built in 1743, and enlarged in 1795. The present structure was built in 1816, and has been remodelled and improved. The vestry was added in 1852, and enlarged in 1861.

The parish limits were originally co-extensive with the limits of the town, covering the present towns of Milton, Canton, Stoughton, Sharon, Foxboro, and a part of Wrentham, and extending to within a few rods of the Rhode Island line. Even in Dr. Harris's day, it included all of South Boston and Squantum. The parish still owns sections of land which have passed down to it from an early grant of four hundred acres, made by the proprietors of Dorchester in 1659. The church was also the recipient of land through legacies, and a schedule made in 1725 shows it amounted to two hundred and twenty-five acres.

The communion service comprises twenty pieces, most of

them very ancient. One was given in 1678; two, in 1679; two cups are the gift of Governor Stoughton, and are dated 1701. Several others are of nearly equal age; and several were given during the last century.

8. "It was planted in a good soil, by great waters, that it might bring forth branches, and that it might bear fruit, that it might be a goodly vine." Certainly, in the last two hundred and fifty years, my text has been repeatedly fulfilled. Dorchester seems to have become a centre of radiation for other towns and churches. No sooner was the root firmly planted than the branches began to spread. I have already referred to the emigration to Windsor in 1635-6. It was the glory of the little band in the *Mary and John* that it not only founded Dorchester, but also founded Connecticut. Most of the original members of the church engaged in this enterprise, leaving the main part of the congregation in Dorchester.

None of their early hardships were equal to those which they afterwards suffered in their journey into the wilderness, and in the winter which followed. Citizens of Dorchester and descendants of its founders must not forget, to-day, the tie which binds them to this old town of a neighboring State. The oldest families in each may trace their ancestry through a common stream of blood to the band of settlers who gathered on the shores of Dorchester two hundred and fifty years ago to-day. And the First Church of Windsor generously vies with us in doing honor to that assembly in Plymouth, England, from which both churches sprang.

The church at Milton was organized in the Dorchester meeting-house in 1678. Of its seven original founders who had church connections, five belonged to the church in Dorchester.

In 1695, Rev. Joseph Lord was ordained, in the Dorchester meeting-house, "to be pastor to a church gathered that day

to go to South Carolina, to settle the gospel there." Like the pioneers of the *Mary and John*, the nine men from Dorchester and other towns organized their church before starting. They established themselves on the Ashley River in February, 1696. "They held," say the records, "the first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper that was ever celebrated in South Carolina; there was joy among the good people of South Carolina, and many thanksgivings unto the Lord." The new settlement was called Dorchester. Fifty-six years later the greater part of its inhabitants removed to Georgia, and established the town of Midway. Dr. Harris visited both places in 1838. Dorchester, South Carolina, no longer exists as a town.

We are told by Increase Mather that the greater part of the original members of the Second Church, Boston, came from the church at Dorchester. This town and church also furnished some material for the towns and churches of Taunton, Medfield, Weymouth, Northampton, and many others.

The formation of the Second Church, Dorchester, is an interesting event in the religious history of the town. Until 1806, as already remarked, this church was the only one in the town limits, including South Boston. The congregation outgrew the meeting-house. Residents of the south part of the parish concluded to build a second meeting-house, which was dedicated Oct. 30, 1806. Formal dissolution from the old church did not take place until 1807.\* The application for the dissolution and the resolution granting it are tender memorials of the deep and sincere affection which prevailed between the old church and the new. No dissension, either doctrinal or personal, marred the peacefulness with which the new colony went forth, still retaining a great love for the old hive. As a substantial evidence that this good feeling

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\*These documents are printed in the proceedings of the first celebration. See pp. 62, 63.

was not wholly a matter of sentiment, I refer to the fact that, in 1817, the First Church fairly divided with the Second, in proportion to the number of members belonging to each, all the property that it then owned. In 1825, a similar division was made of the parish property. The Third Church in Dorchester, which was formed soon after the Second, also shared in this division. The committee from the Second and Third parishes, in acknowledging this division of the property, say, "It is believed that this transaction, in which the First Parish not only acquiesced, but took the lead, resulting in the division of the property upon the broader principles of equity, will forever be considered a distinguished act of their munificence and liberality."

9. I have spoken to you of the external history of this church and parish; let me say a few words about its spiritual history. There is no evidence that it ever had any written creed, except its covenant, which contains no statement of doctrine. Yet there is every reason to believe that it was as strongly Calvinistic as the Congregational churches formed at the time. But, in the great controversy which divided the Congregational body, this church, together with its predecessors at Plymouth and Salem, its contemporaries formed within the same year in Boston and Watertown, its neighbor at Roxbury formed a year or two later, and twenty-eight other churches formed within the subsequent fifty years, became Unitarian Congregationalists. While many other churches were torn to pieces in the strife of that controversy, ours bears no scar of the conflict. It is remarkable that the change was made so gradually that there is nothing whatever in its records which shows just when this church ceased to be Calvinistic and became Unitarian. Traversing the great northern lakes, the traveller crosses the line which divides the United States from Canada. It is an imaginary one. It offers no barriers to the hidden currents, none to

the vessels that plough the waters. Each pilot heads his steamer by his own compass; and the passenger moves as unconsciously across the boundary as the vessel on which he sails, and the wind and currents which urge it. Just so, under the leadership of Dr. Harris, the old church and its crew sailed from one latitude to another, without straining a timber, without mutiny, and just as "comfortably" and safely as when the *Mary and John* and her voyagers crossed the billows of the deep.

It is not for me to justify these changes. I stand here not as advocate, or critic, but simply as historian. As historian, it is interesting to note two facts: First, that the influences which were so powerfully to affect the churches of New England, two centuries later, were already working in Old England when your fathers landed here. Socinianism was spreading over Europe. Oliver Cromwell extended his protection to John Biddle, the Unitarian, and one of his own chaplains defended and propagated the doctrine of universal salvation. Milton himself became heterodox as to the deity of Christ. Secondly, we see the elasticity of the congregational form of government. No church government seems more favorable to diversity than this. And yet it must be borne in mind that the attempt to prevent diversity in religious bodies, by the establishment of articles of faith and rituals, has been equally unsuccessful. There is no branch of the Christian Church in which there is more actual doctrinal diversity than in the Episcopal body, from which the Congregational Church directly sprang. The first Episcopal church in Boston was the first to become Unitarian. On the other hand, the oldest Congregational church in the original city limits, formed a few months after our own, and also Unitarian, has adopted a liturgy not greatly varied in form from the one its founders rejected.

III. Two hundred and fifty minutes, and as many pages, would not suffice to do justice to this history of two hundred and fifty years. The *Mary and John* and the fleet of 1630 have long since gone to pieces. What has been, we may ask, the fruition of the aims and hopes which wafted that fleet to New England? We have seen that our fathers came here under the inspiration of three great aims: to enjoy religious liberty, to extend religious truth, to found a theocratic State. Have their hopes and aims been realized?

The religious liberty they sought was secured to them, and has been preserved to us. That aim has been more than realized; it has been enlarged. They had not learned the meaning of toleration; it was not a part of their aim. They sought liberty for themselves. To-day we demand liberty for all. It would have been a scandal to your fathers that a Catholic, an Episcopal, or even a Baptist church should be reared in Dorchester; but let the right of the members of these churches to worship God in their own way be questioned to-day, and who would rise more promptly than you, children of the Puritans, to protect them in their liberties? The spirit of toleration, instead of inviting schism and driving Christians further from each other, has brought them closer together, in a stronger unity than Elizabeth or James, with all their legislation, could effect: the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace. We see to-day, as our fathers could not, that which is good in other sects and other religions, as we put on that charity which is the bond of perfectness, and pray for that Spirit which shall lead us into all truth.

Concerning that form of church government which they established here, and which they derived from a study of the apostolic model, time has proved it to be consonant with the spirit of our institutions as well as with the spirit of the gospel. The twenty-five thousand Congregational churches in America, of various religious beliefs, prove that Congre-

gationalism, as a form of church government, is a success. It is a matter for careful reflection whether its general methods of worship do not need to be enriched by some more poetic and symbolic forms, in which, in accordance with the Congregational idea, the congregation itself shall have a greater part.

The second aim, the spread of the gospel among the Indians, was prosecuted with seriousness of purpose, but met with no success. Forces which your fathers could not control have driven the Massachusetts Indian into his grave, and the tribes that survive him beyond the Missouri. The Indian question is still an unsolved problem. There is no part of our national history on which we can dwell with less satisfaction, unless it be our treatment of the negro.

That lofty aim of a theocratic State has been doomed to an equal disappointment. No ideal could have been more exalted, none more impracticable. That perfect liberty which they sought, and which future generations were to extend, could only be fully enjoyed when Church and State were completely separated.

But, if the expected fruits of that Massachusetts vine have not been realized, its unexpected fruits have been incalculable. Who can measure them to-day? They are not seen merely in the local history of Dorchester, but in the history of New England, of which Dorchester, in 1633, was the largest town. They are seen not alone in the history of New England, but in the history of the Great Republic, in which New England has borne such a glorious part. They are seen, still farther, in the wider circles of the spirit of the age, in which the genius of America exerts a mild but irresistible sway. Roger Clap wrote the history of the planting of that seed. If any writ of ours could summon his presence to-day, who would be so amazed at the results which two hundred and fifty years have produced in this vineyard?



It might create no dissatisfaction in his mind, that Dorchester, which was once joined in the same local government with Boston, should finally give up the special town organization it had been the first to establish, and blend its political fortunes once more with that little settlement on Blaxton's Neck. But what would the old captain say of the grandeur of that city, its acres of dwelling-houses closely packed together, its business blocks, its churches, its libraries, its charities, its schools, its commerce, its manufactures? It would puzzle him, perhaps, to know what that tall shaft in Charlestown means, and the celebration held there to-day; it would puzzle him to know what nationality that starry flag represents, which floats from the fort in the harbor whose early works he once commanded. He would wonder what was going on down on the "cow pasture," and would scarcely credit the statement that men are digging a great channel under the harbor, from Boston to Moon Island, to carry the sewage from the city to the sea. He would wonder where the sponge came from that dried up so much of Back Bay. He would find, at every turn in Dorchester, evidences that posterity had taken advantage of his absence to replace the old with the new. Water brought under the streets from Framingham to the houses of Dorchester; streets and parlors lighted by gas from underground pipes! What would Roger say of such unheard-of luxuries? Could he solve the riddle of those lofty poles hung with tremulous wires, which seem to serve no other purpose than as perches for the birds? What the meaning of the iron rails that run beneath them? Would the old soldier resent the insult to his intelligence, if told that he might jump on a car at Boston and ride to New York in seven hours; that the trip from ocean to ocean—three thousand miles—had been made in four days; that the Atlantic might be traversed in from seven to ten; that beneath it was a wire rope through which he could send a

message to England in the time it would take to write it on a piece of paper ; that he could sit in his home in Dorchester and hear a sermon delivered in Salem, through an educated wire, or the ticking of a watch or the foot-fall of a fly a mile away ; that he could talk into the ear of a little machine, and two hundred years later his message could be repeated, with the fluency, modulation, and rhythm of his own voice ; that the sun could paint his picture in thirty seconds ; that he could sit down at his breakfast and read the reports of the proceedings of the General Court, the latest address of the Governor, Mr. Hale's sermon before the Ancients and Honorables, the crimes, the accidents, the occurrences of the previous day, with news from every part of the globe ? Surely, if told such marvellous tales, would not Roger think, like Joseph Leeds, already quoted, that we "either did mistake him, or that he did mistake himself" ? A single day in Boston would show him more miracles than he had ever seen in his life. The stationary steam-engine, the lightning printing-press, the spinning-machine and power-loom, the sewing-machine, the modern chronometer, and the one hundred and seventy thousand improvements in mechanical and other arts, for which the United States has granted patents,—would lead the astounded Roger to the confession of the preacher of old : "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright ; but they have sought out many inventions." If the dazed and bewildered man took refuge again in the country, he would find that not only the farm, but that Nature herself, had shared in the march of improvement. Reaping and threshing-machines, and better modes of farming would not be more apparent than the new and improved breeds of horses, sheep, and oxen ; new varieties of fruits and flowers,—among which the Dorchester pears would not be overlooked.

Would not all these things, together with our facilities

for diffusing education and intelligence, the postal system, the signal service, the associated charities, compel the old settler to confess the truth of that striking text in the Epistle to the Hebrews, that "God has provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

In all this gain of two hundred and fifty years of history, New England has been abreast of the spirit of the age. I reminded you that the Spanish settlements in Mexico and South America were made more than one hundred years before the settlement of New England. New England and Mexico represented when founded two different political and religious ideas. Judge the two trees by their fruits. With one hundred years the start, where, in comparison, are the Spanish Colonies to-day? They have never learned the lesson of progress or of self-government. If it were not that Columbia holds over them her protecting shield, they would long since have been trampled under foot by foreign foes. In no respect is the fruition of the years more surprising than when viewed in relation to our entire country. When your fathers landed here, England had a population of not over five millions. Liverpool was a city of four thousand inhabitants. Only four provincial towns in the kingdom contained so many as ten thousand. Who of your fathers would have supposed that at the end of two hundred and fifty years the line of coast from Maine to Florida, and westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would be under one free and independent Republican government, with a population nine times as great as that of Old England then; with forty-eight cities having a population of over thirty-five thousand, a vast metropolis several times larger than the London they knew; with two million, six hundred and fifty thousand farms, covering four hundred and seven million acres; and an industrial, commercial, and political eminence which ranks the nation with the first powers of the earth? A quarter of a

thousand years, and still that tide of life is flowing from the Old World to the New! The *Mary and John* brought one hundred and forty people to Dorchester; the seventeen ships of that summer, together about fifteen hundred. But, during the month that has just passed, there arrived in this same port of Boston over eight thousand emigrants, and in the port of New York the enormous number of fifty-five thousand, still seeking, like your fathers, freedom and fortune in the New World.

The growth and development of this our country challenge the wonder of the world. But its still undeveloped resources, its vast and inviting possibilities are enough to fill us with awe. Seventy-five years ago, the pastor of this church, Dr. Harris, journeyed to the State of Ohio, and wrote an account of what was called "the far West." Only seven years ago, the present pastor, also with pen in hand, sought the far West of to-day. When he reached it, Ohio was a thousand miles behind. And from that starting-point, in the heart of Dakota, it was still possible, after two centuries and a half of settlement, and with forty million people scattered over our country, to march five hundred miles west on one parallel, and five hundred miles back on another, for four months, without seeing a house or a white man, a railroad, a telegraph, or any sign or token of civilization. Two hundred and forty-three years from the Dorchester landing, and yet, through our own country, there flowed a river more than a thousand miles in length without a settler on its banks; and the steamer that bore us one hundred and fifty miles up its waters was the first one that had ascended its current! And when, a year later, we stood with Custer on one of the heights of the Black Hills, where for the first time music waked the echoes, and our glorious flag was flung to the breeze, the little wreath of smoke that floated in the peaceful valley curled from the Indian's wigwam. No sound of forge

or hammer, or whirl of busy wheels. The wave of emigration, which so long ago broke upon the shores of New England, had not yet rolled to the base of these hills. Such facts as these show, not only what America has become, but what it is to be.

With honor for the past, and gratitude for the present, what shall we say of the future? As your fathers crossed that ocean, they doubtless looked back from the stern of their vessel with many a homeward sigh; but I imagine they looked still more frequently, with mingled hope and fear, over her bow. Let us look over the bow to-day. What, may we ask, is to be the future of this old church? Shall it live two hundred and fifty years more? Be not too bold in prophecy. It has passed through momentous changes in civil and religious history. It still has a firm lease of life. That Power which has guided it through so many years of change can guide it in the years to come. May it never forget the words of John Robinson, "that the Lord has more truth to break forth out of his Holy Word." May it never forget that there is still a work to be done, as vital and as grand as that which was committed to our fathers. And if it is destined to die, in the changes that are to come, I raise to God for it the prayer of the Grecian hero who, when the mists of battle hung around him, and soldiers and steeds were wrapped in darkness, prayed to Jove, the Father, that, if it were his lot to perish, he might die under a clear sky, and in the light of day. So, if this church is to pass away, may it die with its armor on, fighting in the light, blending with the prayer of Ajax that glorious apostrophe of the Puritan poet, who, when the shades of darkness gathered over his failing eyes, still sung,—

"Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven, first-born!"

Whatever betide the forms and organizations that are dear

to us, religion itself shall endure. The light of eternal truth shall never cease to shine.

The future of our country! who shall forecast it? We hold its welfare in our hearts to-day, with that bright hope and tender solicitude which are born of the deepest love. The nation has survived the hard struggle of its birth; it has stood the test of foes without and foes within; it has suffered the shock of the mightiest war that ever jarred the planet. It has surmounted all the ills of adversity. Let us pray that it may stand the more crucial test of a renewed prosperity.

To the Power that broods over our altars we commit our country and our homes, lifting to-day from reverential hearts the triple prayer,—

GOD BE WITH US, AS HE WAS WITH OUR FATHERS.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GOD SAVE OUR NATION.

### Afternoon Service.

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At the conclusion of the morning service, the guests of the day were conducted to Lyceum Hall, near the church, where a bountiful collation was spread. The absence here of all set speeches and conventional formalities gave free scope for a delightful social reunion, whose opportunities for the renewal of friendships and the exchange of reminiscences were gladly improved.

On the return to the church, at half past two o'clock, the chair was taken by Thomas J. Allen, Esq., who, after some opening music by the orchestra, spoke as follows : —

#### *Introductory Remarks of the Chairman, Thomas J. Allen, Esq.*

It is my pleasant official duty to extend a cordial welcome to the friends who have honored us with their presence to-day, and to ask your attention to the addresses which are to follow.

Practically, the history of this parish is a history of the town of Dorchester, as, for the first hundred and seventy-six years of its existence, there was no other church within its borders, and no voters who were not members of this parish.

The pastor of this church, in his two anniversary discourses, has made you familiar with the causes which led to

the formation of the church in England in 1630, and its history in Dorchester since that time.

But how difficult it is for us to realize the wonderful series of events which have taken place during these two hundred and fifty years! — the marvellous growth of the country in population, wealth, and industry; the extraordinary discoveries and inventions in the mechanic arts; the changes in social life; the development of the great mining interests; the immense increase and power of the public press and general literature; and especially the use of steam and the telegraph on land and sea, making the antipodes our neighbors, and uniting all nations with bonds of steel.

Do you realize that many of the Puritan colonists by the *Mary and Fohn* were contemporaries of Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Cromwell, and Hampden? How far distant in the past it seems!

Think of the hardships of these early settlers, their long and bloody wars with the Indians, the French, and the mother-country, their various religious and political controversies, and their establishment of the town-meeting,— which formed the successive educational steps that led to the Declaration of Independence, the adoption of the Constitution, the war for the Union, and the fall of slavery; and then note the present position of the country, with its unparalleled prosperity, its immense products of precious metals, manufactures, and agriculture, and its population of fifty millions of people!

Will the next two hundred and fifty years exhibit corresponding progress? Who is bold enough to estimate it?

During all this period, this religious society has continued its services without intermission. Generations have come and gone in this ancient town by the sea, worshipping on this hill, in their sober faith; and, if their creed was somewhat austere and intolerant, we know that they were sincere



and earnest, and full of abiding faith. Though we, to-day, profess a broader and more genial faith, we miss something of their enthusiasm, their fervent devotion, their unflinching courage, that vigor which comes from struggle, and — I fear we must add — their contentment with their lot. How pathetic is that statement in Roger Clap's diary, where he says, "Bread was so scarce that sometimes I tho't the very crusts of my father's table would have been very sweet to me. And when I could have meal and water and salt boiled together, it was so good! — who could wish better? Yet, I do not remember that ever did I wish myself back in my father's house."

In our eulogy of the past, let us not disparage the present generation. Above all, we of this parish should not forget the clarion voice which in the hour of our national trial sounded from this pulpit for the cause of freedom, nor the names of our heroic townsmen who gave their lives for their country. God bless and preserve their memories forever!

On our old church records, we read that the children were christened with the quaint names of Prudence, Patience, Thankful, Obedience, Comfort, Mercy, and Hopestill. How typical are these names of the qualities then most highly prized!

The records of this town show a vote, said to be the first in this country, of a community voluntarily taxing itself to establish a free public school. Our forefathers fully believed in two things,— religion and education. And we must admit that to these two moral forces we are mainly indebted for our great prosperity as a nation. And now, to-day, on the summit of this hill, the church and the school-house still stand side by side. If we are true to the principles which these represent, whatever changes time may bring, the stability and success of our free institutions will be forever assured.

**Introducing Governor John D. Long.**

In the records of the old town of Dorchester, England, there is a notice to this effect: that, during the reign of Charles I., one John Long was chosen Chief Magistrate of that borough. "History repeats itself." I have the pleasure of introducing His Excellency Hon. JOHN D. LONG, Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

**Address of Governor Long.**

I almost feel, after the interesting historical discourse to which we have listened,—all of us carried back some two hundred and fifty years into the past,—and especially after the allusion which the president of the day has just made, as if possibly I were that veritable John Long to whom he has referred. Whether that or not, I certainly regret that I bring to this occasion no sufficient contribution of fitting words. I simply come to bring, so far as I can, the official presence of the Commonwealth, in token of her interest, her unfailing interest in all such occasions as this, and especially this anniversary which commemorates so nearly the time of her own birth. Never, certainly, too often can she pay tribute to the men who laid the foundations of her present greatness. As I listened this morning, it seemed to me as if there were one very peculiar and significant fact in her early history: she sprang, like Minerva from the brow of Jove, fully equipped and matured. The civilization of other peoples seems to have begun with the lowest and most barbarous phases, except as those have been animated and improved by contact — by conquest or otherwise — with the better attainments of other and adjacent people. Our ancestors — and this is a significant thing — began at the very summit. They came from that atmosphere of large learning, of large attain-

ments, which were described so fitly by the historian of the morning. It was John White, a distinguished, a learned, a large-minded divine, who bade them adieu and gave them God's blessing when they set sail for these shores. It was John Endicott and John Winthrop—beside whom we have few governors to compare nowadays—who led them to these shores. The leading men of two hundred and fifty years ago were men themselves of large mark and character. They were men of education, of reading, of thought; men of decided and advanced views.

We have, indeed, as has been stated to-day, a great deal to admire in our modern methods of civilization; in our advancement in the arts and sciences; in our methods of culture; in our physical and material appliances, which have been so eloquently described; and perhaps in our methods of moral improvement; but it is certainly very doubtful indeed whether we have made any advancement on our ancestors in the very fundamentals of intellectual power, in religious living, or in mental grasp and outlook. Therefore I think it is, as you look back into this early history of which you are so proud, that you find no shadow in the beginning, no slow progress out of the dark into the illumination, no day of small things, no semi-barbarism,—but that same mental activity, that same regard for equal rights, that same faithful industry which has ever distinguished this people. Our ancestors were men who loved not only the Church,—they loved the school. It is to your honor, in Dorchester, that you established the first free school that was supported by public taxation. They procured the best teachers; they fitted their young men for the highest walks in life, and trained them for the university; they scattered their churches all over the landscape. I cannot forget, standing here speaking for the Commonwealth, that, with all their faults,—which might have been drawn more distinctly, and, I think, should

have been,—we owe to them the foundations of this material progress and advancement. We owe to them this progress in higher and greater things,—religious liberty, freedom of speech and thought and action, which is limited only by our mutual rights. We owe it to them that Massachusetts to-day is a State with such a form of government that she really governs herself,—a commonwealth with a people so brave, so educated, so founded on principle and character, that they govern themselves. And so, while we do not forget the great advantages we possess, and the great gain we have made, we shall also do well if we maintain our ancestors' standard of high principle. I am happy to join with you in the exercises of the day. I congratulate you on the noble history of this town and church for two hundred and fifty years, and I trust that for two hundred and fifty years more this church and town may still show progress in all good and true things. I congratulate you upon the present exercises, and the emphasis you have given to the lessons of the day.

Introducing *William Everett, Ph.D.*

There is no more honored name in the annals of Dorchester than that of Everett. Rev. Moses Everett was pastor of this church from 1774 to 1793. Twenty-five years ago, Edward Everett delivered the anniversary address in this place. To-day, I have the pleasure of presenting his son, Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT.

Address of *Dr. Everett.*

*Mr. Chairman,*—I sometimes doubt, when I am called upon to reply to such a sentiment as you have just given, and reflect upon the difference of the orator commemorated and the orator expected, whether it is my father's friends

or my enemies who call me up, in order to rejoice in the degeneracy. But there is no such feeling, sir, when I am to speak in Dorchester. It is not here that I meet exactly friends or enemies. I call you all my kinsmen, relations, cousins; that mysterious class of persons, between friends and enemies, which Providence gives us to stop the gap, till we make friends or enemies for ourselves. Happy are they who make friends of their kinsmen, as I trust my father and I have in Dorchester!

I am delighted to stand before you, to-day, a citizen and teacher of Norfolk County. Here we Everetts belong; though many of us have moved to Suffolk, Middlesex, New York, and other outlying provinces, to seek a fortune,—I never heard of an Everett's making one,—yet here we belong, and here we come back. I claim this as my county, sir. I was not born on the soil of Dorchester; but I was born in what we all know,—especially those to whom Brother Barrows told it for the first time to-day,—in what kept Old Dorchester alive before New Dorchester was named,—I was born in Watertown. According to Mr. Hale, every Swede and Dane and Norwegian in Boston is descended from that Icelandic colony that, in 1000 A.D., either never landed in New England at all, or, if they did land, all went away. So every Watertown boy, I suppose, is descended from Captain Southcoat's company, who certainly landed, if they did not stay. But I am proud to have returned to live in the county of my ancestors, and to be in charge of the academy founded by the most illustrious son of Norfolk, our noble John Adams, who, in extreme old age, gave a generous gift of land to his native town, from which, after other public objects had been discharged, was to be supported a school for teaching boys the ancient tongues. By the confidence of his descendants, I am at the head of that academy. It is an old-fashioned school, sir; it has no principal, nor professors, nor students,

but a master, and teacher, and boys. It believes in rebotling the old wines. It believes in training young men in the special branches of a higher classical, mathematical, and historical education, or, in the good old phrase, in fitting boys for college. Thereby, it is not only carrying out the terms of John Adams's gift, but is doing what Norfolk County has always tried to do, and has done with noble success.

John Adams, sir, founded our school from a conviction that it was a good thing to teach boys — who could learn them — those old studies which are mines of wealth and happiness to all who pursue them patiently and sensibly,— which are regarded with an honest if a vague admiration by those who know nothing about them,— and which are undervalued, if at all, by those who are either too conceited to begin them, or too lazy to pursue them properly, or too naturally stupid to understand them. John Adams was not infected by that preposterous theory which would reverse all human experience in requiring all men to learn some handicraft, even those to whom God has given the power and the chance to wipe out the original curse, and eat their bread in the sweat of that toil which drains the inside and not the outside of the skull. When John Adams, as a boy, was set to learn the Latin grammar, he revolted against it as hard and dry. His shrewd father set him to digging ditches, as the only alternative; and the boy very soon found out which labor was the easiest, the pleasantest, and the noblest. I believe a similar story is related of the father of Samuel Phillips, the founder of Andover. Both these men and scores like them know that there is a higher and a lower part in man; that, while it is no disgrace to any one to be born to live by the lower, it is a disgrace if he does not watch and improve every chance to supersede it by the higher; and that it is a double disgrace when that man who has the chance to cultivate his higher part to the utmost, and pursue knowledge for its

own sake, acquires education only just so far as to enable him to rear the edifice of his own cupidity on the ignorance of his neighbor. If John Adams or Samuel Phillips, when they founded their academies, had been told that the branches taught there would not make merchants, or manufacturers, or engineers, or doctors, or lawyers, or ministers, they would have been satisfied with the thought that they always had made and always would make men.

It may be, sir, that to give the higher academic education to every one is beyond the means of our poor, struggling towns, who have borrowed nearly all the money that the act allows; it may be that the primary and grammar school education is all that the citizens are justified in claiming free of the State, and all that the mass of them can pursue with profit. All the more reason, sir, why those who have wealth should expend some of it in the support of private institutions,—I know of one very deserving and very needy one,—where those who can and should and shall have the higher education may get it, and not be condemned to the dead level of average humanity, when God has set them in glory above their peers by that intelligence, that taste, that scholarship, in a word, which is a spark from divinity.

But the academy has another office, which, at these times, cannot be over-estimated: I mean that of drawing pupils, sent from all parts of the country, into a common life, where there may be some withdrawal from the temptations of the streets, some supplement of discipline to parental indulgence,—must I say it, sir?—some thought for the growth of soul and heart, when the care at home is solely directed to the clothing and feeding and sheltering the body. There are homes all through the country, sir, where parents honestly confess that they need experienced help in teaching their children steadiness and gentleness and truthfulness, as much as in teaching Latin or algebra; there are whole States which

offer no proper training, whether in public or private schools, in the higher branches. On the benches of Adams Academy, sir, and at the table of its boarding-house, boys from San Francisco and Alabama, from Paris and New Orleans sit next to those from New York and Connecticut, from Ohio and Massachusetts; and Norfolk County is going to send them back with other ideas of what is meant by the United States than those from which they came to us.

Young America is giving the old fogies hard work, sir,— he is getting ahead of us. You, of course, all know that young people are very much harder to manage than they used to be. They always are. Twenty-two hundred years ago, somebody told Pericles, at Athens, that the young men treated their elders much less respectfully than they used to. "Yes," said he, "it must be so; for, when I was a boy, I heard my grandfather say that his grandfather told him the boys he knew were getting very disobedient to their parents." But, whether it is a new thing or an old, boys need to be told how to live; and that system of schools is the best which controls their life as well as their lessons.

We may find fault with the great public boarding-schools of England; we may protest against some of their practices, — not, by the way, that there is the slightest danger of their adoption here; nor do American boys who go to Rugby or Harrow ever object to them,— but those schools do solve the problem of how to take boys at that difficult age that troubled Pericles, and subject them to a discipline and an oversight steady and firm, but considerate and affectionate, equally removed from home indulgence and college license.

Our colleges, sir, are beginning to renounce the attempt to regulate their students' lives. They are adopting more and more the policy of leaving them to their own tastes and characters, and throwing the responsibility of those tastes and characters on earlier instructors. All the more must the



training-schools and the academies repudiate the same license for their pupils, and affectionately but seriously keep up the work of moulding and controlling the character, so that the freedom of college shall do no harm.

I have talked too long, sir, about my own shop; but I assure you that you have never had an article of education offered you that combines durability and lustre as does that of Adams Academy. And I believe, sir, Norfolk County is the place for that education. We have a noble list of higher schools, beginning with the old Roxbury Latin School,—second to none in the Union for the thoroughness of its training and the devotion of its teachers,—going on to the old Milton Academy,—now suffering from the chronic trouble of all academies, that people will not give them money enough,—the Dean Academy at Franklin, the Thayer Academy at Braintree, and a noble foundation not yet in operation,—the Woodward Female Seminary at Quincy. When that does begin, it is expected Adams Academy for boys will stop. That is a goodly set of buildings, sir, to crown the heights and stud the plains of our dear county.

And what a noble line of scholars we have had, sir, to cheer every child and foster-child to study! We have our sainted John Eliot, of Roxbury,—first in that wonderful line of missionary translators who determine that the heathen shall have the treasures of the gospel in their own tongue. There is, indeed, a sad tradition that the Indians understood Eliot's labors so little that they preferred to disseminate the sacred leaves by using them for gun wads. We claim, as our own child, Increase Mather, the eloquent and prudent defender of our venerable charter, who maintained the honor of learning in New England over the half-century from Cotton to Franklin. Norfolk claims, as her own, old Henry Flynt, of Braintree, for fifty years sole tutor of Harvard College, whose antique study is still preserved with pious care, and

now holds the choice library of our friend, Mr. Peter Butler,—worthy occupant of such a hermit's cell. We have Nathaniel Emmons, of Franklin, a rival even to Jonathan Edwards in the powerful authority he exercised over the religious thought of New England. I own I should relish his return to Franklin, and the theological struggle he would have with the trustees of Dean Academy. Norfolk is doubly proud of the twin lines, generation upon generation of the Adamses and Quincys,—united by blood, by neighborhood, by patriotic sympathy, by no less patriotic rivalry; but who never for a century and a half, in public or private, whether courted or neglected, have laid aside that scholarship which has raised them utterly above partisan meanness, has given a noble dignity to their fiery manhood, and a rich refinement to their inflexible probity. With a calmer, but even a tenderer pride, does Norfolk love to think of that other family of students,—the Harrises,—so warm-hearted, so keen, so untiring; performing the homeliest but the most invaluable work with the utmost scientific accuracy, and for barely nominal reward! And, not to excite the envy of our brethren from other counties by swelling our list too far, Norfolk points, with a glow of love that three-quarters of a century cannot dim, to the learning and the character of Fisher Ames, the priceless value of whose services as a statesman and a scholar was only equalled by the modesty with which he withdrew them from a world to whose burdens his gentle soul was unequal.

It is as well for me, sir, not to push the eulogy into later times; but I must be allowed, in this place, one piece of personal gratitude. I see near me the man before whom I shall always tremble to the very marrow,—my first school-master, who is now the first school-master of Dorchester,—Mr. Elbridge Smith. It is singular, sir, how hard Mr. Smith has tried to keep out of Norfolk County. He started in the Sudbury valley, in obedience to a common but most erroneous

opinion that wisdom is to be found only near Concord. But, alas, sir! all that those towns know of the power of scholarship is that, in a dry time, the Boston ministers begin to pray for rain, and never stop till they have laid Sudbury meadow under water. Then he went to Providence; and I don't say Dr. Wayland didn't teach him a good deal! But he had to come back to Massachusetts. He followed up the stream of the Blackstone; but, like Mr. Hale yonder, he could not stop in Worcester. They turn out excellent governors there, but they have to come to Norfolk for scholars. Then he tried Cambridge, feeling sure that was the home of learning. Quite a mistake, I assure you, sir! Still, he couldn't make up his mind to come to us. So, as he knew that in England the capital of old Norfolk was Norwich, he thought Norwich in Connecticut would do. But he starved on wooden nutmegs; and he has had to come to find his real home here,—here, under Dorchester Heights; here, where the northern prospect is closed by our glorious city, and the shaft over Warren's grave; here, where the southward train carries you to the very verge of Marshfield harbor and of Plymouth rock; here, where the eastward gaze rests on the fort and the lighthouse, mingling defiance and welcome to Europe; here, where the western view is closed by the bare and lonely hills, vivid reminders of the wilderness our fathers found. Here may he long live, and teach others as he taught me. He knows I have not said these words from a taskless wish to embarrass him; but it is that I may close my defence of the academic scholarship of Norfolk with some matchless words he taught me. Thirty years ago this very summer, he put into my hands, for the first time, Macaulay's essays, open at these words.

[Mr. Everett then repeated the closing passage of Macaulay's *Review of Mitford's Greece*.]

Introducing **Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.**

I have great pleasure in presenting Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, who is so well known for his great interest in everything pertaining to the early history of New England.

*Address of Mr. Hale.*

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,*—I certainly do not think that we are too mindful of our heroes. I do not think we exalt them too much. I wish we built more monuments to them than we do. As I sat here, I have been wondering what would be the answer, if I were to go into the average school of Norfolk County and ask who John Thomas was. I think the answer of the older scholar would be that he was a waiter, satirized in the *Yellowplush Correspondence*; and of the more practical persons, that he was the hero of our friend Dr. Loring's *Farmer's Correspondence*, lately published; the truth being that our John Thomas was a young Massachusetts general of the very first rate of military ability, who designed and built the works on Dorchester Heights, which works defied the first generals of England, and drove from Boston harbor the British fleet. We have put upon Dorchester Heights a monument, which tells who was the mayor when the monument was erected. I think we have neglected to put on the monument the name of General Thomas himself. [Laughter.] If we should ask the average Massachusetts audience who Artemas Ward was, we should hear that he was the genial humorist of the Rebellion, who expressed his willingness that all his wife's relations should go to the war, but who kept himself well out of mischief. A pity that any Massachusetts man should not remember that he was the commander-in-chief of the great movement which resulted in the action at Bunker

Hill ; that he was the hero who "laid his baton down, to stand next to Washington"; who, for a long time, directed the military forces of New England, and had the superintendence of the movement here on the 5th of March ! I will venture to say, even of this intelligent audience, educated in those schools of Norfolk County to which Mr. Everett refers so well, that, till my friend, the historian of the day, gave us this morning and in March those admirable glances of that epoch two hundred and fifty years ago, one-half of you did not know who were the founders of Massachusetts. If we build statues to our heroes and founders, it would be to John White of Dorchester that we should build the first statue. If, on this beautiful common in front of the house,—I believe there has been no question as to *its* name,—I mean this side of Eaton Square, the common which has always been the common since I ever knew anything about the common,—if the people of Dorchester, as the most ancient town in Boston Bay, ever wish to erect a statue by one of her own sons or daughters to one of her heroes, let the statue be to John White, the founder of Massachusetts. Let him be clad in his ministerial robes and bands, as when he spoke his farewell to the colonists. Let him bear in his hand the Sacred Book he was so fond of illustrating. So let us show who conceived the idea of this free State, and who was the very hero who called this free State into existence.

Do not be satisfied, in your enthusiasm to-day, in thinking simply of Dorchester. Let us remember that it is the birth of Massachusetts that we are celebrating. It is the birth of the Colony of the Bay that we are celebrating. The hero of the Colony of the Bay, the founder of the colony, is John White, of Dorchester, England ; a man known and respected in his own town, and, for the very reasons that he was known and beloved at home, known and respected all through England.

It was he who went back and forth from Dorchester to London, and from London to Dorchester, so as to make the great alliances between the London merchants and the seamen of the west of England. It was he who taught the men high in State, of the existence of this Bay of Massachusetts. It was John White who had chatted with the fishermen from Dorchester, as they returned from this coast; who taught Old England what it was which was waiting for them in the pre-emption of New England. It was John White who blew that gospel trumpet which has been so well described by old Johnson; which sounded to all the people the words, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All you, the people of Christ, that are here Oppressed, Imprisoned, and scurrilously derided, gather yourselves together, your Wives and little ones, and answer to your severall Names, as you shall be shipped for his service in the Western world, and more especially for his planting the united colonies of New England; where you are to attend the service of the King of Kings." Yes, John White is the hero of this day!

We have been asked to-day to look forward, as well as backward. May I ask you, in looking forward as well as backward, to remember what it was that he did, and to ask if the work that he did is finished? What is the greatest work that is given to man to do? Lord Bacon has stated it. It is stated in this Book, over and over again. The greatest work of man is to establish States. Let mean men live lazily in States that others have established; let small minds look to the past; let the great men look to the future, and make resolutions and constitutions for the future. It is only the meanest sort of man who says, "Posterity has done nothing for me, and I will do nothing for posterity." Posterity has done nothing for him, but his ancestry has done a great deal for him; and any man of honor is desirous to carry to the future the blessings he has received

from yesterday and from the centuries gone by. In that great work of the establishment of empires,—the thing is patent to any one who reads history,—the few men who have organized emigration have been the great leaders of the world. From the time of Abraham, when he took his servants and went from the land of Uz to the land of Palestine; from the time of Moses, when he led the exodus from Egypt, all down through history to the Hengist and Horsa, whose personal names are not known; from the time when the neighbors of the Anglo-Saxons, the Lombards, went down into Northern Italy under the lead of Alboin and Garibald, and fathered thus a nobler Italy than ever sprang from Latin loins,—the men who knew how to organize emigration have been the leaders of mankind. Fortunately for us, in 1628, in the dignified position of a minister of the Church of England, was John White; and he organized the emigration to Massachusetts, and made for us the Commonwealth of to-day. Is it not a very instructive thing, and very suggestive, that this one company, the Dorchester church, organized in England, should have held together when it came over here? The organization made there was sufficient here. It became the type at once of all the organizations of the Bay. There was no necessity of calling men together to organize a church. The church had been organized already. It was ready to meet, the day it landed, for its religious service. And at once it proved that that organization was enough for its civil business as well. The first day of the week it held its meeting as a church. The second day of the week it held its meeting as a town.

Now, in that congregational habit lies the whole secret of the New England town-meeting. From the principle latent in it there—the democratic principle, which achieved its first rule when this congregation met and ordained its first

ministers—has grown in history the democracy of all our modern life. Why! that principle is struggling into the constitution of the Sultan of Turkey to-day. That political principle may be found in the debates of the government of Bulgaria to-day. That political principle exists in Van Dieman's Land and in the Fiji Islands to-day,—the political principle which was nursed in the New England Puritan meeting-house.

And it is your pride and honor, first of New England towns, that you led the way to the organization of all the towns of New England, and so to the freedom of all America. If there be one place on Massachusetts soil more sacred than another, one place deserving to be marked by the granite of the New England hills, it is the spot yonder, still to be pointed out, where the first meeting-house of Dorchester was established, and where was held the first town-meeting of modern times.

John Adams has said, again and again, that there are four corner-stones to a republic: the church, the school, the train bands, are three, and the town-meeting is the fourth. There are reformers enough who would sweep one or the other away. But so long as a square has four corners, the epigram will stand. Let it be your pride that, while there are other claimants to the great honor of establishing the first Congregational church in America, you certainly have the honor of being the town in which was held the first town-meeting. See to it that, before this year of jubilee has gone by, some simple stone, some modest monument, be erected near the corner of Pleasant and Cottage Streets. Let it bear an inscription. I care not if it be the one word "town-meeting," with the date 1630. Posterity will not care so much for the names of us of to-day who are representing these eternal principles which, in such books as this of John White's [Mr. Hale held up White's *Tree of Life*, which



was brought to the festival by Mr. W. B. Trask], are announced to us ; but posterity will be glad, year by year, to know where the first town-meeting met. As years pass by, men look more and more for such memorials. Remember how often in this Bible it says, "Unto this day, the stone stands as a memorial." See that such a stone shall stand, before 1880 has gone by, on that most sacred spot in your borders.

The seed was planted by this man. He had the gift of organization. Even Winthrop had not that gift as he had it. When Winthrop's colony landed, it scattered broadcast over the State. John White had known how to organize emigration, and that seed has been sprouting and shooting all down the time since. Nothing more pathetic than that story which you have heard detailed of the great movement to Windsor, Connecticut ! Nothing more pathetic than that movement when they ordained their minister here, and went to plant that seed in the malarious district of Dorchester, South Carolina ! It was my fortune to pass through that malarious district, when a young man ; and they pointed out, in that forest in the deserted town, the white, New England spire,—the only New England spire in South Carolina. Though tottering to its fall, it still preserved the memory of the name of Dorchester. Though malaria may drive men away, it does not kill out New England seed. This body of people moved across into Georgia, and established themselves in Midway. And I am told by a descendant from one of those men, who is with us to-day, that, when all the rest of Georgia was true to the memory of the Oglethorpes and Georges,—Georgia fresh-baptized to George II., and still true to her godfather,—when all Georgia else was Tory, it was this little nest of Dorchester Puritans in Midway who held Georgia to be the thirteenth State ; so that, to-day, we say "from Maine to Georgia," instead of being obliged to

say "from Maine to Carolina." It was your little handful of Dorchester men that gave the thirteenth State to the original Colonies.

And, ladies and gentlemen,—if I may trench upon the future,—if you ever expect to see order come out of chaos, if you expect to see civilization come out of barbarism, in the States not yet subdued, it is not by sending your sons here and there separately on "a fool's errand" into those disquieted States. It will be when you begin to organize them in emigration; when you shall plant, in twenty places, twenty colonies of as many as twenty New England men and twenty women of New England; men and women willing to stand together, and by and for each other, and to defy the shot-guns and malice of their neighbors,—then, and not till then, will you see the civilization of the Southern States of America. You will owe it to the organization of emigration.

But I do not wish to speak of the steady advance of the Puritan notion, whether in religion or in government, as if it were simply the victory of one man's intelligence or forethought. From the very nature of the Puritan principle, power and success inhere in the Puritan system. For the Puritan principle is simply the trust in the intelligence of the company, in place of obedience to the authority of the few. In Church or in State, the Puritan rests on the whole body, on the congregation. Here is the secret of the persistency which belongs to the New England system of government; so that we now see the principles of the Vanes, the Eliots, the Winthrops, cropping out in all the constitutions of the world. Everywhere, this principle of falling back on the congregation—the reliance on the manhood of each separate man—shows itself. I do not care where you are; it shows itself from the East and West, the North and South. Every day comes out the principle, as old as this book of John White's,—stated as if it were one of the new discov-

eries. These men would have said that victory came because "the arm of the Lord goes with them." It is "because it is mighty and must prevail."

The statement is a very simple one: Wherever you throw into a community a thousand men and a thousand women, and tempt each one of these men and women to work to the very full of their power, of course you get more effect than when you put a dozen men and women, as leaders, into the same region, and direct the rest of the thousand to obey them. The nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons are very apt to be discouraged when you tell them to do as the thousandth pigeon directs them. Alas! the thousandth pigeon may be a very weak little pigeon, after all, as in that parable which George III. took so ill. But, if you bid all the thousand pigeons each seek his own salvation, you get the full working power of that pigeon community. When John White's men came here, and really announced the absolute right of every child of God,—“You are all kings and priests,”—they then got this matchless power. It is that power of omnipotence, which develops to the utmost the power of the given body of people, which gives the Puritan successes. It is the power of the people as distinct from the wisdom of the rulers,—distinct from any castes or classes of society; the power that is in this congregation at this moment, because every person has been accustomed to do, to the full of his might, whatever he has a mind to do. He is not restricted, and never was restricted, by any oldest brother, or son of an eldest son. There is not a person in this congregation who believes that he ought to be satisfied “with the condition of life in which it has pleased Almighty God to place him.” On the other hand, every person in this congregation means to get out of the condition in which Almighty God has placed him, if he can get into any better condition to which Almighty God allows him to go. From that principle

comes the power of the whole Puritan body, wherever it moves or exists. The whole history of the United States — a history which cannot be understood by people who have grown up in the oligarchical systems — seems to me to follow from this original Puritan element of power.

A very witty man, an envoy of Portugal to this country, some fifty years ago, said that there was a certain providence which took care of drunken men, idiots, and the United States! [Laughter.] He could not help seeing that, whatever absurdities were committed by our rulers, or in the choice of our rulers, we still drifted on to victory; and he did not know how. He could only say that there was a providence which directed it. That providence is simply in this: that; when we have forty millions of people doing each the best that he knows how, and with whom no hands nor feet are fettered, — even if a foolish President and a selfish Cabinet should pull one way, and all that people in another, — the weight of the forty millions would make the efforts of the President and Cabinet in vain. That is the providence which is directing America. America is not governed from Washington by any President or any Cabinet; but by the great masses of its people, — by such people as are assembled here and on Bunker Hill to-day; by such people as meet in the school districts to determine whether they shall pay nine dollars or nine dollars and fifty cents to the school-mistress; by such people as meet in town-meeting and decide whether the sidewalk, from the Widow Jones's house to Brother Smith's house, shall be laid in freestone or in slate, from this quarry or that quarry. This people is governed by itself. The persons who live in Capitols and White Houses have always sought in vain to govern it, whenever they have been so foolish as to try to govern it at all.

What are the great material successes of this country? I think a careful man would say that its great historical suc-

cesses were, first, the unexpected development of the great cotton crop, by which we first made Europe our tributary; next, the gigantic emigration into the Valley of the Mississippi, which now feeds half the world; next, this wonderful mechanical industry of New England, which makes us the great manufacturers not only for America, but for a great part of the rest of the world. Then he would speak of such a success as the accession of the Pacific Coast, which seems to have come in this providence of which the Chevalier Correa spoke. He ought to add such success as the emancipation of the slaves, with its enormous addition to the wealth of the country; and such success as this tide of emigration of which my friend has spoken. These are six steps perhaps the most important in our history. Yes! And which of these steps do you owe to your statesmen, — your Jeffersons, your Madisons, and your Monroes? Which of these steps do you owe to your newspaper men who write those articles which are so learned? Which do you owe to the House of Representatives? There is not one of the six but was blocked at the beginning by those men who thought that they were the governors of the country. You know how the leaders hated the anti-slavery measures, — let me say, sadly, how they “damned them”; how they wished to God they might never hear of them again. Yet, in spite of these men, slavery was doomed, and to-day every man in America is free. None of these steps were proposed by ruling statesmen. The acquisition of the Pacific Coast was forced upon the government by the sturdy insistence of John Quincy Adams. All the rest were determined, not by statesmen, but by the people. They have come, because, under your Puritan system, “ye are all kings and priests,” — all children of the omnipotent God. They have come, not by the help of the governors, but in spite of their ignorance, and in face of them.

Every man of you governs the country, and helps found its destiny, if he serves God rightly. Take, as an instance, this victory of your manufactures. No gift of your statesmen. No! The gift, rather, of your people, doing the best they know, and encouraged to do it. It is in a system where the boy Golding, an apprentice,—I need not say in one of your Norfolk factories,—is prompted and permitted to make the curious adaptation by which, after sixty years now, every thread of wool passes which is spun in this world to-day. It is in such a system that manufacture advances. Didn't that man add something to the governing of America? Turn all your children free to the noblest life that they can lead; for your people make the destiny of America.

I beg your pardon for taking so much time to illustrate a matter which seems to me to come from the seed of John White's planting. Do you remember the striking toast which, at the first Jubilee of American Independence, Lafayette, then in exile, gave here in Boston? Every court in Europe was under the most despotic sway,—Charles X. at the height of his power, George IV. doing his worst. Lafayette gave this toast at the Boston dinner: "The Jubilee of Republican America! in fifty years the toast shall be, The Jubilee of Republican Europe!" Nothing seemed more mad. But fifty years passed by. France was a republic; England, Germany, Italy, Spain, every country in Europe, was under the constitutional government which Lafayette meant to describe when he uttered those words.

Your friend and pastor has been speaking to-day of celebrations a hundred and two hundred years to come. Will it not be in the power of your admirable committee, who have given such dignity to this occasion, to arrange, before this week shall close, to have Mr. Barrows pronounce before Mr. Edison's wonderful machine, on the smoothest tin-foil, those three prayers for the future, which he uttered with so

much solemnity? And cannot this slip be locked up until 1980, and then recalled from its hiding place; that Mr. Barrows may then be permitted, in that assembly, to repeat those wishes and that prayer?

**Telegram from Dorchester, England.**

The CHAIRMAN then read several letters, printed in the Appendix, from prominent persons who were unable to be present, and announced the receipt of the following telegram from the Mayor of Dorchester, England:—

*Old Dorchester sends cordial congratulations to New Dorchester upon its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and warmly reciprocates its affectionate attachment.*

The telegram was received with loud applause.

**Introducing Hon. Marshall P. Wilder.**

The next speaker will illustrate a remark made by Swift, "that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

It is a mere matter of formality to introduce Mr. MARSHALL P. WILDER, who, twenty-five years ago, presided at the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the town, and who for years has been President of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and universally known for his enthusiastic interest in all agricultural and horticultural improvements.

Address of Colonel Wilder.

*Ladies and Gentlemen,*—After the most excellent address of His Excellency Governor Long, and the interesting addresses of the two gentlemen that followed him, what is there left for me to say? If I had known, before I left my dwelling this afternoon, much as I feel a deep interest in the history of Dorchester, that I should have been called upon to follow these eloquent gentlemen, I should have shrunk from the duty. But I delight to be here on this occasion, and I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the very kind manner in which you have introduced me to this assembly. I am most happy to meet here so many familiar faces, so many with whom I have had acquaintance for a long course of years, and here in old Dorchester to join once more in celebrating another anniversary of the settlement of the town.

I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for your reference to me in connection with the New England Historic Genealogical Society, whose object it is to gather up, preserve, and transmit to posterity proceedings such as these of to-day, and in which old Dorchester has ever had an honorable name. Dorchester, with her wide-spread landscape, her noble hills, her towering heights, looking down on the same old ocean that two hundred and fifty years ago brought our fathers to these shores, has ever been memorable in the history and annals of our nation! Her noble heights and her beautiful scenery are scarcely less memorable in historic interest than the Capitoline hills of old Rome, or those of Boston. On this spot were the homes of Warham, Maverick, Mather, Harris, Codman, and other godly ministers who have succeeded them, each of whom honored his profession, and was a blessing to the world. Here, too, and near by, was the home of Hancock, Warren, Otis, the Adamses, the Quincys, and other illustrious champions of human freedom. Yonder



is Bunker Hill and Charlestown, and near by our own Dorchester Heights, where the first great blow was struck that closed the American Revolution, and where General Washington encamped with his army on that memorable night in March, 1776, as Mr. Everett said on this very spot, "with the holy stars for his camp-fires and the deepening shadows of night, looped up by the hands of God to the four corners of the sky, for the curtain to his tent."

But so much has been said and so well said by the pastor of this church, in his two sermons on this subject, I will refrain from uttering another word in addition.

I thank you, Mr. Chairman, from the bottom of my heart, for alluding to me in connection with the cultivation of the soil. For threescore years and ten, aye, more, I have been importuning Nature to disclose the secrets of her wonder-working power by which she strews the earth with living stars scarcely less brilliant and numerous than the glittering hosts above; and she has revealed to me some of those secrets. She has given me, from the rough and rocky soil of Dorchester, many a luscious fruit and many a fragrant flower, which have been distributed through this land, and which will live to bless the world long after he who produced them shall have been buried in the bosom of mother-earth. The southern district of our city has been famous for her interest in horticultural and agricultural matters. For the first twenty years of the existence of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Dorchester and Roxbury furnished all the presidents and treasurers of that institution. Almost within sight of us are some of the oldest pear trees in the State. Here were the gardens and orchards of Rev. Dr. Harris, Zebedee Cook, Elijah Vose, Samuel Downer, John Richardson, William R. Austin, and, not least, of William Clapp and his sons, from whence went forth that beautiful Clapp's Favorite pear, which I trust will endure

even longer than the marble slab on which its portrait is graven in Forest Hill.

And here at home you will permit me, I know, to allude to one other orchard, in which there has been proved, under the personal inspection of the owner, more than twelve hundred kinds of fruit; from which there were sent, on one occasion, over four hundred varieties of the pear for exhibition. But, my friends, there has been raised on that same soil, under the influence of the blessed institutions of Dorchester, a large family of immortal fruits,—fruits which could only bloom on earth, but which, I trust, have been transplanted to those celestial fields where fruits shall not perish by the using, and where the harvest shall be without end. Pardon this digression. It is the overflowing of a grateful heart for the mercies which have been showered on me.

Our Chairman has alluded to the fact that I had the honor of preaching at your anniversary twenty-five years ago. I have always felt grateful for the respect shown me by my fellow-citizens on that occasion, when, in recognition of my services as a cultivator of the soil, there was placed in the centre of the pavilion a tablet, which I still possess, bearing this inscription: "Marshall P. Wilder, President of the Day: Blessed is the man that turneth the waste places into a garden, and maketh the wilderness to blossom as the rose."

But I must not trespass further on your time. Suffice it to say that it is our good fortune to live in a period of high and progressive civilization, in a country distinguished above all others for its rapid growth, intelligence, wealth, and power,—a country of vast proportions, capable of producing almost all the fruits of the habitable globe; a country whose arts, sciences, manufactures, and commerce, whose literary, civil, and religious institutions, whose thriving towns, villages, and populous cities, and whose rapidly

reduplicating population astonish the world. When I reflect on this majestic progress, and contrast it with the feeble beginnings of those who planted our colony, I am overwhelmed with the thought, and involuntarily exclaim: "Marvellous, O Lord, indeed, are thy dealings with this people; in wisdom and great goodness thou didst bring them to these shores!"

But I must not detain you another moment, except to thank the good people of the First Parish of Dorchester for their wise forethought in making such acceptable provision for the suitable observance of this anniversary, and to express the great gratitude I feel in being permitted to share in the honors and pleasures of the occasion. And now, as good Old Dorchester has been enclasped in the golden zonelet of our expanding city, I pray that she may forever shine as one of the brightest jewels in her coronet of glory.

*Introducing Rev. George C. Ellis, D.D.*

The Chairman then called upon Rev. Dr. G. E. ELLIS, who stepped in front of the pulpit. On being invited to speak from the desk, instead of the floor, Dr. Ellis replied, "I preached about thirty years; for ten years I have been trying to practice," and, retaining his place, spoke as follows:—

*Address of Dr. Ellis.*

I must first present my message from my brother, Rev. Rufus Ellis, who would have shared with great interest and sympathy in the exercises of this day, but who, in preparation for an ocean voyage, and the press of parish cares, is unable to attend. I wish also that reference be made to my friend, much revered and beloved, the late pastor of this church. Who would have entered into the spirit of this occasion more deeply than that faithful, earnest man?

When, several weeks ago, notices appeared in the newspapers of the intended series of observances by which citizens of Dorchester purposed to commemorate the beginnings of its history, in church and in civil affairs,—now a quarter of a millennium since,—I was disposed to regard the purpose as a sort of penitential recognition. It might be looked upon as a profound expression of sorrow and regret that any motives or reasons, however strongly they might have presented themselves, had induced your citizens to merge your own honored and prospered municipality in that of the City of Boston. It is not for me—certainly not on an occasion like this—to censure or criticise the policy or expediency of that act by which the people of this, the most ancient, the earliest of the towns of the Old Bay Colony, yielded up its independent administration. I may, however, properly refer to some of the historic bearings which naturally force their suggestions on our minds on this occasion. We should be justified in forgetting, on this day of commemoration, that Dorchester represents wards of a city, instead of a New England town.

The genius of our original municipal institutions was consistent only with small, compact, independent town corporations, with circumscribed local relations, free of complications and dividing interests. And by small I do not mean in extent of territory, but comparatively so in the number of the people embraced under a town government. In fact, all our original townships included such vast reaches of territory that they have all been divided and sub-divided into from two up to half-a-dozen now distinct municipalities. Plymouth, the first town in the State, is still the largest, notwithstanding the number of its children who have parted the homestead and set up for themselves. But, originally, the meeting-house, the school-house, and the burial-ground marked the nucleus of a village, the region around, how-

ever wide, being for farms and woodland. When convenience or necessity called for a duplication of a village centre, then, sooner or later, this was set off as a new town, the points of the compass, a stream, a hill, or a mill furnishing a temporary designation for it, which soon yielded to a new name.

If, upon the first English occupancy of the promontories and necks of land now included in the city of Boston, it had been thought wise to unite them under one municipality, there might have been good reasons found for the measure in the circumstances of the time, in common needs, perils, and interests. For Dorchester, Charlestown, and Boston, and Roxbury had then more of joint concern than they have ever had since. But if that arrangement had then been made, it would in a very short time have been abandoned. Boston people did, indeed, have their farms in old Braintree and Chelsea. But we have seen Charlestown, which originally ran up a dozen miles into a rich and beautiful country, parting with slices of its territory to make several other towns and one city, making a city of itself for a few years on its little remnant of soil, and then seeking a relation of wardship to Boston, to which it furnished the first English inhabitants. Charlestown, reduced like a spendthrift, sinks its once proud historic independence, and becomes another South Boston and East Boston, in the position of a poor relation by matrimony.

Our wise ancestors sought to gain by county arrangements, and in a better way, some of the ends which we have aimed for by the swallowing up of lesser municipalities into a large one. In so doing they escaped some of the embarrassments which we have to meet in harmonizing and disposing local and rival interests between spaces divided by navigable waters and wide distances, with questions of bridges, tunnels, ferries, water supply, high-schools, and public libraries.

Compact local communities and municipalities are most favorable to wise, economic, pure, and honest administration. Had New York been four municipalities, instead of one, we never should have heard of a Tweed and Sweeney ring. With the memories of thrift, patriotism, public spirit, domestic virtue, steady development of prosperity, associated with and generated by our old, independent municipalities, — as so wisely discerned by De Tocqueville, and so loftily eulogized by him,— we identify our glories in the past. If any one has anything specially noteworthy to say of Dorchester since it became a part of Boston, I will leave the floor to him. But I am thinking of Dorchester as Number One of all our towns.

The strain in which I have been speaking has been prompted by my calling to mind a venerated friend of my early years of manhood, the Rev. Dr. Harris,—so long the pastor of the only church of Dorchester. How would the good man, on this occasion, have opened his ever-ready fountain of tears, that the meandering highways, and fair fields, and lovely hills and hummocks, so familiar and dear to him, were no longer in the charge of the town-meeting so often opened by his prayers.

Dr. Harris began, but did not finish, a history of his beloved Dorchester. Others have since essayed the same grateful yet exacting task, with the same result. Let some competent student and worker renew and complete the labor, and let the word Boston appear on its pages only in foot-notes.

The policy of our ancestors about their town system seems to have been dictated by their intent that the inhabitants of one place should all be gathered into one religious society. There is frequent mention in our early records of a desire that a church and parish should not be very large, for the oversight of watch and ward which the members had over

each other. For even the saints of those days needed a sharp looking-after.

So, with the meeting-house, parish, church, represented here, the history of the town and early generations is identified. It is a most rich and instructive history,—knit in with the sort of incidents and events which, seeming trivial, and of merely local concern as they transpire, are found afterward to have been impulses moving to conspicuous measures and high principles of truth and duty. That history is starred and beautified by the nobleness and virtues of men and women, trained here for all the services to country and home, sacrifices for posterity, care for children, and all the sacred toils inspired by a deep piety and a lofty integrity. Nor is there lacking in your history the element of rich romance, stern, pathetic, exciting, fond, and gentle, without help from the fictions of the poet.

Here the first and famous Captain of the Castle in the harbor of the colony had his home,—Roger Clap,—hero and saint, though he called himself a sinner. From these fresh fields, in search of fresher and richer on the Connecticut, went forth, as leader of his band, through the forest, the sturdy Captain John Mason, who thought he was executing the will of God against the heathen when he burned up from five to seven hundreds of “the cursed Pequots,” in their palisaded fort at Mystic. Here lived and died William Stoughton, unwedded, preacher, magistrate, councillor, agent of the Colony in England, Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice, and benefactor of Harvard College. His monument is the most conspicuous one in your burial-ground, and is kept in repair by the college.

Before the first comers here had all died in their generations, the town and church sent forth to South Carolina a section of their citizens and members to settle a new Dorchester, for the benefit of the Southern plantations.

When the border line was drawn between you and the old colony, you lost some of your territory, but made it up in other directions. You had within your limits one of the Apostle Eliot's most promising Indian villages. Eliot alternated his Indian visits between the wigwam of Waban, at Natick, and that of Chicatabut here. The apostle trained his neophytes freely to put questions to him on the deep perplexities of the high Calvinism which he taught them. He says that "diverse of them had a gift at framing difficult questions." One of them was, "Whether God made hell in the work of the six days of creation?" Eliot replied that he did. "Then," said the sachem, "he made it before it was needed; for Adam had not sinned." You had your rivers and brooks and ponds, your mills, salt-works, powder-works, paper, chocolate, and sundry other factories. You have had your scholars, learned divines, pedagogues, and almanac-makers, and your rhymsters skilled in those wonderful anagrams and elegiac lines and epitaphs for which our ancestors used to reserve all their grimness of fun and even of irreverence. While hard farm-work was the basis of all your thrift, opulence in later years, with the love of beauty and a public spirit, has strewn around you lovely garden paradises. Your eminent and beloved fellow-citizen, Marshall P. Wilder, the magnate of all our horticulture and pomology, is preserved to span the centuries among you with the ripened fruit of the old piety, and the graces and kindness of these later days.

*Introducing John Langdon Sibley.*

I will now call upon JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY, formerly librarian of Harvard College, who, some forty-seven years ago, preached several months in Dorchester.



**Remarks of Mr. Sibley.**

I was invited to come here, forty-seven years ago, to supply the pulpit during the absence of Dr. Harris. The first Sunday that I came was the day of the inauguration of Deacon Humphreys. The first funeral I attended was of the venerable Mr. Pierce, father of Dr. Pierce and of a numerous and honored family; of simple but pure Christian life, faithful in his trusts, and as honest a man as ever lived, I suppose. He made it his rule to pay every debt on Saturday night, which a great many people do not do now. He would put himself to a great deal of inconvenience to hunt up a man, in order to pay him. He was the oldest man in town; and it seemed to me as if he could extend back his hand and almost touch some of the Puritan pilgrims and imbibe their principles. Going back to those first settlers, for one hundred and fifty years there was very little intercourse with other people. They came to this country bound to live together. The interest which was felt in education among the first people was carried all the way down through that period. The only people with whom they mingled was a small number of Huguenots and Presbyterians, who came over in Cromwell's time, who settled in Londonderry. They adhered to their principles: they promoted education among themselves. From that small beginning, Harvard College has been enlarged to what it is now.

In compliment to Mr. Sibley and the institution he so long represented, the orchestra responded with "Fair Harvard."

**Introducing Joseph Leeds, Esq., of Philadelphia.**

At the request of JOSEPH LEEDS, Esq., of Philadelphia, who was formerly a resident of Dorchester, I will ask all

those persons who were present at the anniversary fifty years ago, to rise.

In response, about thirty-five persons stood up in various parts of the audience.

**Remarks of Mr. Leeds.**

We live in the most favored and happy country ever known on this earth. What is the origin of such a scene as this? We must go back years and years for the answer. The Huguenots, the Quakers, the Pilgrims, and Puritans settled on this coast, and began our thirteen States. They were people governed by the Bible. It was their counsel and their guide. In the first place, it made them establish the Church of God and the freedom of worship; next, orderly, quiet, pleasant, and industrious homes. Then it gave a spirit of reverence for the Sabbath day; and last, and not least, the school-house. God says, "I will lay thy foundations with sapphires." The home, the church, the Sabbath, and the school-house were the sapphire foundations that God laid for this country, and on which we rest to-day. What is to continue the prosperity of this land? Just the principles of religion, piety, and patriotism which have made us what we are.

**Introducing Rev. Gowan C. Wilson.**

We are fortunate to-day in having with us Rev. GOWAN C. WILSON, of Windsor, Conn., who represents the colony which was so early planted by the settlers of Dorchester.

**Remarks of Rev. Mr. Wilson.**

I would be doing great injustice to this audience were I to say one-half of what I would love to say. I can only bring to

you the greeting of the old families of Windsor, Conn., whose ancestors came over with yours on the *Mary and John*, and settled down in this pleasant spot. Massachusetts is to us a kind of intermediate spot between England and Windsor. It is very pleasantly associated in our memory with those dear old men whose names are as precious to us as to you. I could mention the names of many represented there who are also represented here. They wished me to bring their greeting. They remember you with tenderness. They feel that there is a close bond between that town and these families; and, as your pastor said to me, it seemed as though, at least once in a century, the descendants should come together to reverence that blessed ancestry. I felt it my duty to come, as their representative, and tell you of the interest they still feel for you and Dorchester.

*Introducing Rev. E. G. Porter.*

Rev. E. G. PORTER, of Lexington, recently visited old Dorchester, England, and, on his return, gave a very interesting lecture upon this ancient town, and the Roman encampment and fortress within its limits. He also visited the old church where Rev. John White was buried, and in whose honor our town was named. He has kindly promised to furnish us a brief history of his visit.

*Remarks of Mr. Porter.*

After so much of a feast, I am sure I could not venture, at this late hour, to construct a bridge which would carry us over to the old country. I hope, however, that, as a result of this grand celebration, a memorial will be placed near the corner of Pleasant and Cottage Streets, to designate, as near as may be, the place where our fathers worshipped in their

first sanctuary. And let us also improve this occasion by sending a request—accompanied by a gift—to St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, England, to have a tablet prepared which shall indicate the resting-place of the Rev. John White, "the Patriarch of Dorchester," than whom no man is worthier to be honored by this town in letters of gold on monument of marble. Yet, I regret to say, there is no mark whatever to indicate the burial-place of this eminent man,—eminent not only in the history of the organization of this colony which most concerns us, but also as an able and influential clergyman in England, an eloquent preacher of the Puritan principles at Oxford, a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, minister of the Savoy, rector of Lambeth, and about forty years the beloved pastor of the flock in old Dorchester, where he was buried in the year 1648, in the porch of St. Peter's Church. Would it not be a graceful thing for the people of this town to mark the spot by some suitable inscription?

One other thing: let us, as citizens of Dorchester,—although within the principality of Boston,—never forsake the name we have inherited so long. We have a very good precedent in this respect: London has absorbed perhaps a hundred parishes and villages; yet persons living in Kensington, Surrey, or Blackheath write simply the local name, where it is so well known that it is not even necessary to use the word London in addressing them. Why need we throw away the name which is earlier on these shores than Boston, and which is as honorable as any name in the post-office list of the United States? It is a name not only conspicuous in our annals, but it has a rich history in itself, which we may be proud to recall; for it takes us back, not only to the history of modern England, but to the Norman, the Saxon, the Roman, and the Celtic periods; even to the prehistoric times whence we get the first syllable, "Dur," of

our Dorchester. As we are proud of the rock from which we are hewn, let us never forsake the memory nor the name.

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At the conclusion of Mr. Porter's address, the Chairman announced the closing hymn, "America," which was sung by the entire audience, accompanied by organ and orchestra.

Thus ended a day which will be long remembered in Dorchester from the grateful memories, and the genial, patriotic, and Christian sentiments it awakened.

### Appendix.

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GALENA, ILL., May 23, 1880.

THOS. J. ALLEN, Esq., *Ch. of Com., etc.* :

*Dear Sir,*—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 20th, extending an invitation to me to attend the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the First Parish Church of Dorchester, Mass., on the 17th of June. I regret that my plans for the summer will not permit me to accept. About the date of the proposed celebration, or within a few days after, I expect to start for a trip to the Rocky Mountains, and have accepted an invitation to attend a celebration in Kansas City, Mo., to be held about that time.

With much regret that I cannot visit Dorchester on so interesting an occasion,

I am, very respectfully,

Your obt. svt.,

U. S. GRANT.

[General Grant descended from Matthew Grant, one of the passengers in the *Mary and John*, 1630.]

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BROOKLINE, MASS., June 15, 1880.

THOMAS J. ALLEN, Esq., *Chairman of Committee* :

*My dear Sir,*—I find that I must abandon all hope of being with you on the 17th inst. If it had been in my power to be with you, I should have been tempted to bring with me an autograph letter from John White to Governor Winthrop, dated at Dorchester in Old England, on the 16th of November, 1636. It is the only letter of White's, I believe, among my family papers; and it has been printed, within ten years past, among the *Winthrop Papers* in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. While it deals with matters of immediate local interest in the condition of the infant Massachusetts Colony, it contains

one passage of wider range, which is eminently characteristic of the distinguished man in honor of whom Dorchester was named.

"I know," he says, "it will be pretended that all manner of restraint is prejudicial to liberty, and I grant the name of liberty is precious, *so it be liberty to do good*,—but no farther."

Such a sentiment is worthy of being recalled, and commended to our whole country, in these later days, when there is so much to be apprehended, in all quarters, from the abuse of the glorious liberty which our fathers achieved for us.

Accept my best wishes for the success of your interesting celebration, and my renewed thanks for the invitation with which I have been honored, and believe me, dear Mr. Chairman,

Very faithfully yours,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

QUINCY, June 7, 1880.

THOMAS J. ALLEN, Esq., *Chairman, etc.* :

*My dear Sir*,—I regret that I shall not be able to be present at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Parish of Dorchester. As it will be a day of reminiscences, I venture to recall a connection I once had with that ancient town.

In 1842, I projected a railway between Boston and Quincy, had the surveys made, and presented a petition to the Legislature, headed by the venerable Thomas Greenleaf; whereupon, according to a copy of the records that was sent me, the following action was taken:—

At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Dorchester, qualified, as the law directs, to vote in town affairs, at the town-house, in said town, on Wednesday, the second day of February, 1842, Col. Walter Baker was chosen Moderator. It was, by the inhabitants of Dorchester, in town-meeting assembled,

*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of the inhabitants, the railroad petitioned for by Thomas Greenleaf and others, if located upon either of the lines designated upon their plan, will be of incalculable injury to the town generally, in addition to the immense sacrifice of private property which will also be involved. A great portion of the road will lead through thickly-settled and populous parts of the town, crossing and running contiguous to public highways, and thereby making a permanent obstruction to a free intercourse of our citizens from one part of the town to another, and creating great and enduring danger and hazard to all travel upon the common roads.

*Resolved*, That if, in the opinion of the Legislature, there can be shown sufficient evidence of public utility to justify the taking of private property at all,

for the construction of this projected railroad, it should be located upon the marshes, and over creeks bordering the harbor and Neponset River, and as remote as possible from all other roads; and by which a less sacrifice will be made of private property, and a much less injury occasioned to the town and the public generally.

*Resolved*, That our representatives be instructed to use their utmost endeavors to prevent, if possible, so great a calamity to our town as must be the location of any railroad through it; and, if that cannot be prevented, to diminish this calamity, as far as possible, by confining the location to the route herein designated.

A true copy from the Dorchester records.

Attest: (Signed) THOMAS J. TOLMAN,  
*Town Clerk.*

DORCHESTER, February 3, 1842.

Such were the anticipations, thirty-eight years ago, of the effect of any railroad through the town of Dorchester; and their fears were shared by many of the citizens of Quincy. At a meeting held there, opposition was made to the project on the ground that the locomotive, which was likened to the car of Juggernaut, would crush all the children; and, besides, would interfere with Mr. Gillett, who drove the stage.

The town of Dorchester retained Judge Fletcher to oppose me, and I had leave to withdraw. But the anticipated evil was not thereby averted. Associated with the late J. H. Loud, and gentlemen from Plymouth, a charter for the Old Colony Railroad was subsequently obtained, and the line laid out over my original survey, against which the inhabitants of Dorchester protested.

I am happy to believe that, notwithstanding the anticipations, real estate is yet of some value in Dorchester; and to know that enough children escaped in Quincy to enable the town to organize the "new departure" in education. As to Mr. Gillett, I think he would have found himself unable, with his three-horse stage, to have carried the forty thousand passengers that, on one holiday, passed over the line between Quincy and Boston.

Again, regretting that I shall be unable to accept the invitation with which I have been honored by your committee,

I am very truly yours,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

MESSRS. THOMAS J. ALLEN, EDWARD B. CALLENDER, E. HERBERT CLAPP, *Committee on Invitations.*

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296 BEACON STREET, May 18, 1880.

*Gentlemen*,—I thank you for your very polite invitation to be present at and take part in the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the First Parish Church of Dorchester.

I have often heard my father \* speak of his seven years' residence, as pastor, at Midway, Georgia; but I can give no information about the families from Dorchester over whom he was settled. If I could tell you anything about them, I should regret, even more than I do as it is, that I cannot have the pleasure of being with you on an occasion of so much interest as that to which you invite me.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

THOMAS J. ALLEN, Esq., EDWARD B. CALLENDER, Esq., E. HERBERT CLAPP, Esq., *Committee, etc.*

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NEW YORK, June 14, 1880.

*My dear Sir*,—Your kind letter of yesterday is just received. It has been my purpose to be present at your celebration on the 17th, but, I regret to say, it will be impossible. I was much troubled, at Chicago, by an inflamed eye, which is still (although nearly well) under treatment. . . . Hence I must relinquish, greatly to my disappointment, my visit to your interesting old town, in the hope, however, of soon being there; for I shall take occasion to go there on my next visit to Boston. Be kind enough to express to Mr. Allen, your Chairman, my extreme disappointment that I am prevented from availing myself of his flattering invitation; and my hope that he will be able to send me a copy of the proceedings, in which all of my name and blood will take much interest.

With great regard,

Yours truly,

E. W. STOUGHTON.

EBENEZER CLAPP, Esq.

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PORTSMOUTH, N.H., May 28, 1880.

*Gentlemen*,—I thank you for your invitation to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement, in Dorchester, of your society. It will give me pleasure to be present, if I can; but I fear my engagements will not permit.

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\* Rev. Abiel Holmes, father of O. W. Holmes.

I am much interested in the history of these old parishes, and especially of one whose age approaches so nearly the one over which I have been minister for several years.

Although our first place of worship was not erected until 1638, we find the prayer-books and communion service in use in the "Great House" of the settlement for a period reaching several years farther back. We still have the wardens for our officers of the parish, showing the Episcopal character of our first settlers. I notice that I am the tenth minister during this long record for an American church, as Mr. Barrows is with you.

Another fact that the student of history cannot escape, and must call to mind with gratitude, is the high character of the early ministers in these settlements. Take, for example, the clergy of the Church of England in the Colony of Virginia, and we find them easily falling into the dissipated habits of the planter-life, so that the Bishop of London was once appealed to to know at what point intoxication became a scandal in a minister; while, at the same time, the clergy of New England were, as a rule, among the purest and most scholarly men who, in true apostolical succession, have filled the office of Christian clergy.

I rejoice in your great and unbroken prosperity for the past, and trust you will have an interesting anniversary, and a long future of still more abundant life.

I remain most truly yours,

JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

THOMAS J. ALLEN, EDWARD B. CALLENDER, E. HERBERT CLAPP, *Committee.*

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Letters expressing regret at their inability to be present were also received from Hon. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Gen. W. T. SHERMAN, President CHARLES W. ELIOT, Prof. CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D.D., Rev. JOHN CORDNER, D.D., and Rev. EDWARD H. HALL.

## Committees.

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THOMAS J. ALLEN, *Chairman of the Day.*

### General Committee.

THOMAS J. ALLEN, *Chairman.*

Dea. EBENEZER CLAPP, *Secretary.*

Rev. S. J. BARROWS.	Dea. HENRY HUMPHREYS.
WILLIAM E. COFFIN.	SAMUEL ATHERTON.
WILLIAM W. SWAN.	BENJAMIN CUSHING, M.D.
RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS.	E. HERBERT CLAPP.

### Special Committees.

#### On Invitations.

THOMAS J. ALLEN, *Chairman.*

E. HERBERT CLAPP.                      EDWARD B. CALLENDER.

#### On Entertainment of Guests.

SAMUEL ATHERTON, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM E. COFFIN.                      HENRY J. NAZRO.

#### On Finance.

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS, *Chairman.*

FRANKLIN KING.                      HENRY F. HOWE.  
WILLIAM CHANNING CLAPP.

**On Printing.**

Rev. S. J. BARROWS, *Chairman.*

GEORGE H. ELLIS.

WILLIAM B. TRASK.

**On Music.**

BENJAMIN CUSHING, M.D., *Chairman.*

GEORGE F. PIERCE.

**On Decorations.**

BELLA C. BARROWS.

ANNIE E. CLAPP.

GERTRUDE T. JACOBS.

ANNA HUMPHREYS.

WILLIAM G. LIBBEY.

FRANK E. GOODRIDGE.

**Committee of Arrangements.**

WILLIAM W. SWAN, *Chairman.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

ROBERT T. SWAN.

S. PINCKNEY HOLBROOK.

HENRY D. DUPEE.

COOLIDGE BARNARD.

HENRY HALL.

MUNROE CHICKERING.

EDWARD N. CAPEN.

WILLIAM H. SAYWARD.

J. HOMER PIERCE.

WILLIAM CARROLL POPE.

**Marshals.**

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS.

E. HERBERT CLAPP.

HENRY F. HOWE.

MUNROE CHICKERING.

HENRY HALL.

HENRY D. DUPEE.

ROBERT T. SWAN.

EDWARD N. CAPEN.

ALEXANDER POPE.

WILLIAM CARROLL POPE.

**Music.****Organist.**

HENRY W. EDES. Assisted by Mrs. GERTRUDE J. ROGERS.

**Choir.**

Mrs. H. E. CARTER, *Soprano*. ALLEN A. BROWN, *Tenor*.  
Mrs. THOMAS DRAKE, *Alto*. FRANK L. YOUNG, *Basso*.

**Chorus.**

Mr. WM. H. M. AUSTIN, *Leader of the Chorus*.  
Mrs. CATHERINE A. BAXTER, *Pianist at Rehearsals*.

**Sopranos.**

Miss ANNA Q. CUSHING.	Mrs. C. B. PATTEN.
Miss SUSAN T. CUSHING.	Miss MINTA C. TITUS.
Mrs. HENRY D. DUPEE.	Mrs. W. L. TUCKER.
Mrs. JAMES B. FIELD.	Miss ELLA S. WALES.

**Altos.**

Miss LYDIA M. AUSTIN.	Mrs. W. G. PARKERSON.
Mrs. SHELTON BARRY.	Miss MARY E. PIERCE.
Mrs. BENJAMIN CUSHING.	Miss CHARLOTTE P. SWAN.
Mrs. AMELIA HEMMENWAY.	Miss EDITH E. TITUS.
Mrs. HORATIO NEWHALL.	Mrs. B. REED WALES.

**Trusts.**

Mr. JOSEPH R. CHURCHILL.	Mr. WILLIAM G. LIBBY.
Mr. FRANK L. CROWELL.	Mr. HARRY P. PARKERSON.
Mr. JOHN L. DEARBORN.	Mr. B. REED WALES.

**Borers.**

Mr. HORATIO NEWHALL.	Mr. WALTER SHEPARD.
Dr. EDWARD D. PETERS, Jr.	Mr. ARTHUR R. SWAN.
Rev. L. W. SALTONSTALL.	Mr. H. G. UFFORD.
Mr. GEORGE C. SHEPARD.	Mr. SAMUEL N. UFFORD.

### Historical Note.

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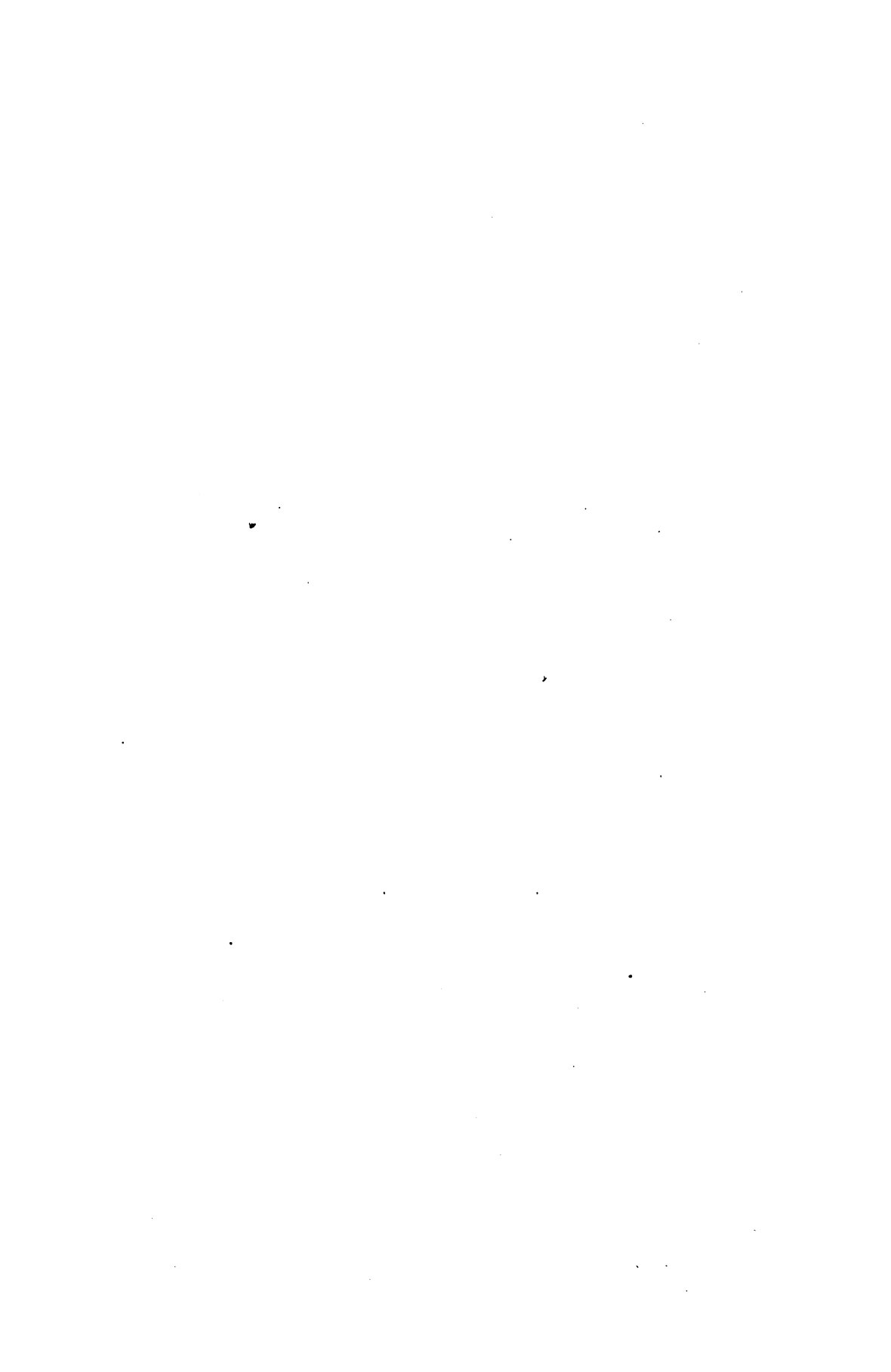
THE point brought forward by Mr. Knapp raises a very interesting historical question; namely, whether the original organization of the church was transferred from Dorchester to Connecticut in the emigration which took place in 1635-36. This is the claim made by the church at Windsor, Conn., and ably defended by its pastor, Rev. Gowen C. Wilson, in an address delivered at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that church in March last; by Deacon Jabez H. Hayden, in Stiles's *History of Windsor* (p. 858); and by Rev. H. M. Dexter, D.D., in the *Congregationalist* (April 28, 1880), with the degree of fairness and courtesy with which he is accustomed to treat controversial questions.

While there is much that may be said on both sides of this subject, the Windsor claim to the original organization cannot be substantiated, because there is no evidence that the church of Dorchester ever took any formal action and decided by vote to remove to Connecticut.

The question, however, is a purely technical one. What is certainly known is that part of the original church-members and the junior pastor went to Windsor, Conn., and, as Cotton Mather says, "became a church"; and that the senior pastor, a number of the church-members, and the larger part of the congregation, remained in Dorchester, and were afterwards reorganized, with additions, under Richard Mather. In whatever way the technical question of church organization may be decided, no one can dispute the fact that both the church at Windsor and that at Dorchester directly owe their origin to the little band that gathered in Plymouth, England, in 1630.













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